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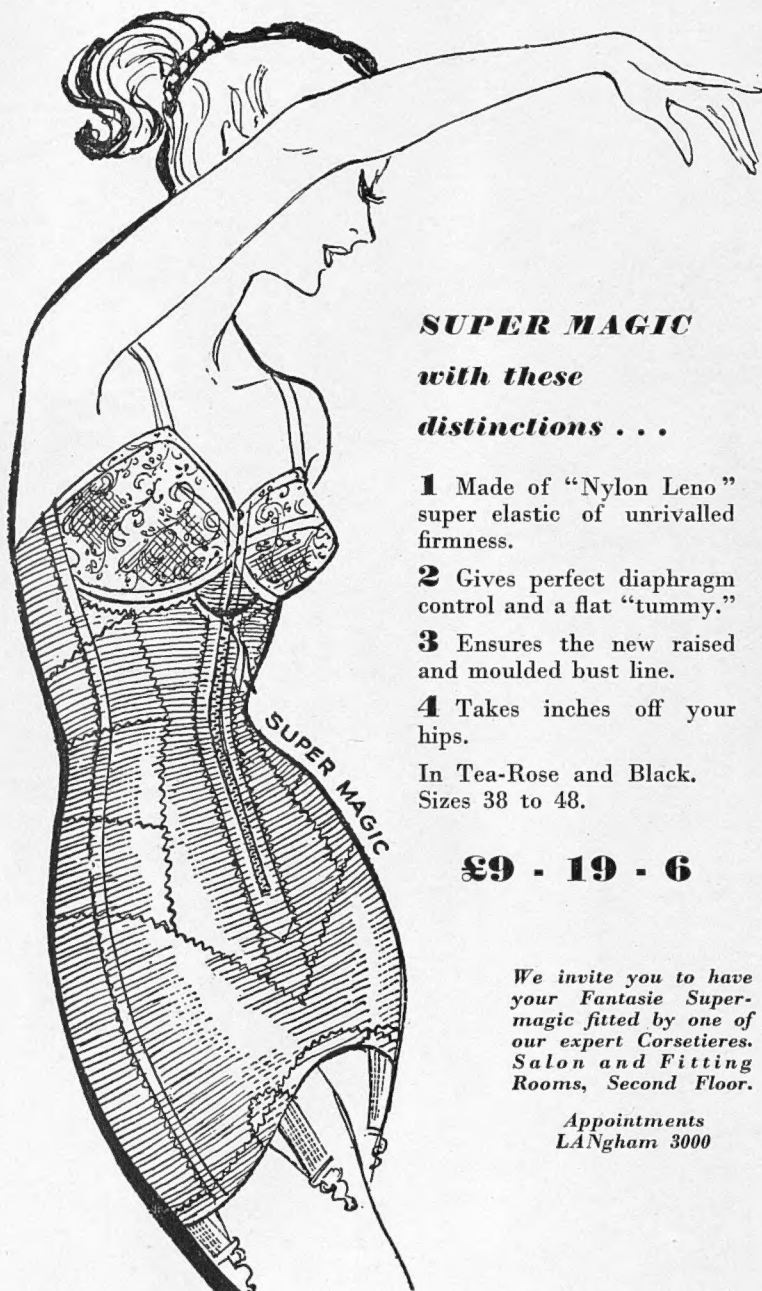
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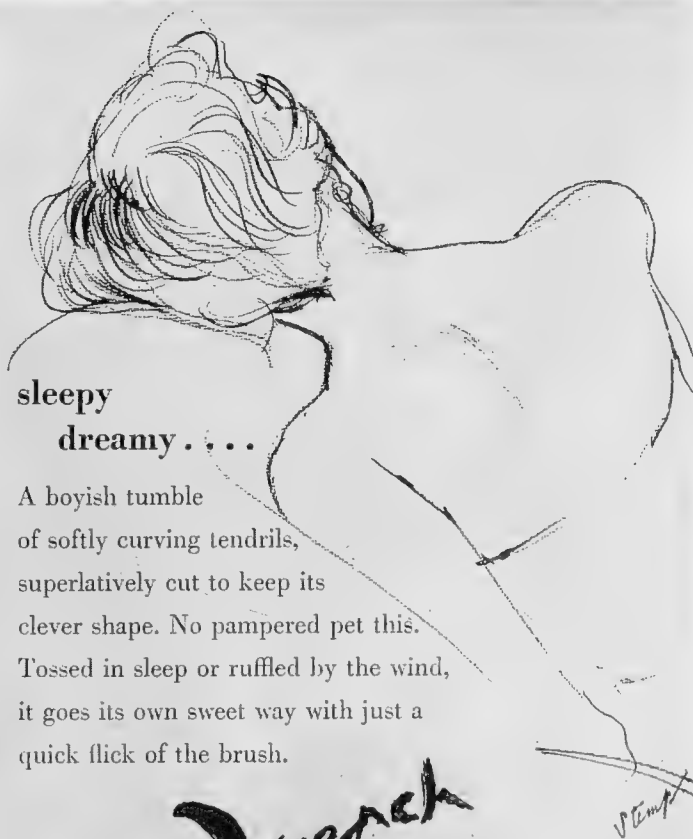
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OCT. 13
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Announced The Climax Of

HARVEST TIME AT RAYNHAM HALL

THE joyful triumvirate were Lady Joanna Townshend, aged eleven, Lady Caroline Townshend, aged fourteen, and Viscount Raynham who is nine, children of the Marquess and Marchioness Townshend. The Marquess, in addition to farming his large Norfolk estate, also performs a multitude of duties as Assistant Government Whip in the House of Lords and as a Governor of the Royal Agricultural Society. The Marchioness, formerly Miss Elizabeth Luby, sits on the Fakenham bench



Eric Coop

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ALDERMAN Harold Walter Seymour Howard, J.P., elected Lord Mayor on Michaelmas Day, will shortly be sworn in and accompanied through the streets of London with all traditional pomp and pageantry. In 1944 he was made a Sheriff of the City. His present dignities include those of Alderman of Queenhithe ward and Lieutenant of the City of London

AT COVENT GARDEN a party was given in the Royal Opera House for members of the Ballet du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris. More than 300 dancers and other guests came to the party, which took place in the Crush Bar

Social Journal

Jennifer

Visitors From Paris

THE first big social event of this "little season" was the opening night of the Paris Opera Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and the reception given in honour of its visit by the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli at the French Embassy afterwards. The company, which is a very big one under the technical direction of Serge Lifar, who had done the choreography of the first two ballets, and danced in the opening one, got a splendid reception from the large and discerning audience

AT the end of *Suite en Blanc*, which started the programme, the flowers on the stage were stupendous. They included a giant basket tied with a tricolour, presented to the leading ballerina Yvette Chauvire, and a five-foot laurel wreath for Serge Lifar.

Les Mirages came second, beautifully danced, but somewhat bewildering in theme. I enjoyed far more the next one, *Les Indes Galantes*, which had the most enchanting scenery with chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, and excellent lighting. This got a wonderful reception.

With the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli in the Royal Box, and in the small one adjoining, were Lord Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland and a Director of Covent Garden, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Lord Harvey his predecessor at the British Embassy in Paris and Lady Harvey, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, and M. de Moustiers, French Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Also in the audience I saw Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark watching from a box, Lady Birley wearing several diamond bracelets with her ballet-length dress and orchid satin stole, Lady Herbert, Lady Keynes and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Fleming sitting in the stalls, as were Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert, Lady Ashton, Viscount and Viscountess Moore, and Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, who had come up from Newmarket especially for this performance and the party at the French Embassy, and were motoring back early next morning.

MADAME MASSIGLI, whose many friends are delighted to see her back here after an absence of several months, looked radiant and exceedingly chic in an oyster satin dress with a stole to match, when she welcomed the guests in the centre reception room of the Embassy. The Ambassador was there also, but frequently strolled through with friends into the rooms on either side, where the very animated conversation which presently arose seemed equally divided between two subjects, the important Nine Power Conference and the ballet.

One of the first people I saw was the French Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, M. Mendès-France, first in the centre of a group of his fellow countrymen and later talking to Sir Gladwyn Jebb

and the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P. for the Stafford and Stone division of Staffordshire. The Earl and Countess of Bessborough had come on from the ballet, but left before midnight. Mme. Hägglöf, wearing a most striking white satin dress with the bodice covered in flat white feathers and narrow gold braid, came with Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, the Viscountess wearing her magnificent ruby and diamond necklace and bracelets with a steel grey lace dress, and his son and daughter-in-law the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, the latter in pale blue satin. The Berrys had just flown over from Paris where they are staying in their yacht on the River Seine.

THE Counsellor at the Embassy, M. Lebel, was walking between the rooms looking after guests, most of whom had either gone into the green marble walled dining-room where there was a delicious buffet supper, or the magnificent drawing-room with its priceless tapestries and fine chandeliers. Here there was another buffet table.

Mrs. Anthony Eden, wearing a sage green embroidered satin ballet-length dress, was talking to Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight; she made an enchanting picture in a full-skirted white satin dress and a diamond necklace. The Straights had given a most enjoyable cocktail party earlier in the evening, of which I write below. The Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer stopped to have a word with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wood, who had just returned from an eventful holiday in Greece and Turkey, and Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck was there with his attractive wife. I also saw Sir Frank Roberts, our Ambassador-designate for Belgrade, Sir Walter and Lady Monckton, Sir Hartley and Lady Shawcross, the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio, and Lord Wakehurst.

* * *

LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT's party earlier in the evening in the Park Suite at the Dorchester was in honour of the famous American dietitian, Mr. Gayelord Hauser. He was just completing a world tour, and was leaving a few days later in the Queen Mary for the United States. His books on diet have been known in this



Mr. Reresby Sitwell had just come in from the auditorium with Mrs. Sitwell



Lady Harvey and Miss Cara Lancaster were entertained by Mr. Osbert Lancaster



Mlle. Yvette Chauvire, the prima ballerina, with Lord Wakehurst (left) and Mr. John Gilpin, the English ballet dancer

Clayton Evans

[Continued overleaf]

FASHION SHOW AT PARK LANE BALL

AT midnight, models wearing Jacques Fath's autumn fashions, flown from Paris, appeared at "La Vie En Rose" ball at the Dorchester. This very well attended ball, which was preceded by dinner, raised an excellent sum for infantile paralysis sufferers



Countess Cadogan and the Duke of Argyll lighting the candles on their table before dinner



Lt.-Col. H. E. Pierce and Mrs. Charles Howes were eagerly opening their tombola tickets



Continuing The Social Journal

Miss P. Bamford-Davies, Mr. Reginald Trevor and Mrs. Joseph Mackle were three more of the guests at the ball

Two Kinds Of Grape Juice

country for some years, but this time during his stay he visited Manchester and gave a lecture to an audience of more than 1,500, on how to attain good health by sensible eating. He also gave two lectures in London. All three were such a success that he is going to try to return to this country again next year for a more extensive tour.

At Lady Daphne's party, several of Mr. Hauser's special fruit or vegetable juice drinks were served on the tray, as well as champagne. I took what I understood to be grape juice—it was delicious and I was interested later to learn from Mr. Hauser that it also contained, among other things, the juice from parsley and apples!

THE Spanish Ambassador was at the party, also many who, like the host and hostess, had recently been visiting Spain for a holiday. These included Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis who had seen several bull fights while she was there, Mr. and Mrs. Ivanovic, and the Hon. Peter Ward with his father the Earl of Dudley, who was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, the latter radiant after a visit to Formentor.

The Hon. Edward Ward and his wife were there, also the Duchess of Argyll, Lady George Scott, Mrs. Stanley Cayzer in a black dress and fascinating little bead-embroidered black velvet cap, Sir Miles and Lady Thomas, Lady Birley, Sir William Rootes, Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell, and Mrs. John Ward, who was having a long talk with Mr. Hauser. He is a wonderful example of what he preaches, for at sixty-four he looked far younger than several of the male guests in their late forties or early fifties.

Mrs. Gerald Legge, in a short lace dress, was going with her husband and Mr. Billy Wallace to see Mr. Terence Rattigan's splendid play *Separate Tables*, at the St. James's Theatre, so had

to leave rather early. Lord and Lady Mancroft were having a post-holiday reunion with many friends—he told me he had only just recovered from whooping cough, which he had caught from their young family. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys was looking very well and said they had been spending several weeks quietly with the Hon. Charles Rhys's family in Wales. Mr. Felix Guepin, who was there with his tall, good-looking wife, was chatting with Mr. Whitney Straight. Earl Beatty and his lovely wife were two late arrivals at this very good and amusing party, pictures of which will be found on pages 86-7.

★ ★ ★

As chairman of the very successful "La Vie En Rose" ball, the Duchess of Argyll stood for over an hour receiving the guests in the Gold Room at the Dorchester. She wore a black velvet and pout dress with diamond necklaces and long diamond ear-rings, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. This ball was organized in aid of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, and judging by the number of guests and the success of the tombola, a splendid sum should result.

Lady Ogilvy, who looked enchanting in a crystal beaded pale pink dress, was deputy chairman and ran the tombola most efficiently with an excellent team of helpers. This gay, vivacious and very youthful American-born wife of the Earl of Airlie's son and heir has quickly become one of the most popular young marrieds in London. Lord Ogilvy was also helping his wife at the tombola for some time before and after dinner. They both dined at the Duke and Duchess of Argyll's table where the other guests were the Earl and Countess of Perth, the latter in a lavender blue beaded tulle dress, Countess Cadogan in a white crinoline and long diamond ear-rings, the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, whose wife was taking their eldest daughter to school in Switzerland. Lady (Elena) Bennet, one of the vice-chairmen, had a party at a nearby table.

Among members of the committee who had parties were Viscountess Savernake and her



Lady Pulbrook and Mr. Anthony Hunter also experienced a tense moment as they opened their tombola tickets



Miss Jill Tindall, Mr. R. Verspyck and Mrs. Oswald Tindall examining the prize they had just won

husband, who had the Hon. David Montagu and his lovely French-born wife with them. Mrs. Montagu wore a most attractive long pale pink satin evening coat over her pink evening dress. Mrs. Joseph Mackle, another member of the committee, who had been up in Scotland fishing during August and early September, had a table of friends and so did Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield.

Lady Pulbrook was in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Raphael, who spent the holidays at their home at Cooden Beach. I also saw Col. and Mrs. John Ward, Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, Lt.-Col. Remington Hobbs and the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Hazlerigg.

Instead of a cabaret there was a very big mannequin parade of nearly seventy models from Jacques Fath's Paris collection, which had only arrived from France that morning. These included some magnificent mink lined coats and fur coats, and some extremely beautiful evening dresses.

★ ★ ★

FROM friends in Scotland I hear that the Perth Ball and the Angus Ball, which are really the last of the Scottish season, were most successful. Capt. Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe was the Preses of the Perth Ball this year, which took place as always in the County Buildings. With his wife, the Countess of Errol, he welcomed all the guests. They brought a big party which included the Duke of Atholl, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, the latter in a lovely blue satin dress and diamond tiara, Lord Douglas Gordon, the Hon. Flora Fraser, Mr. Derek Stanley Smith and the Hon. David Watson, Q.C.

The Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the latter in white with a diamond tiara, brought a big party from Logie including their son and elder daughter, Viscount Stormont and Lady Malvina Murray, Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, Mr. Charles Gore and Mr. Jack Stewart-Clark whose very pretty sister Norena Stewart-Clark came with Sir David Moncreiffe's party. Lord and Lady Forteviot's party from Dupplin Castle included their daughters, the Hon. Caroline Dewar and the Hon. Penelope Dewar, and their young friends.

THE Earl and Countess of Dundee had a party of young people staying at Birkhall and Sir Torquil and Lady Munro, the latter in red with a diamond tiara, brought a youthful party including their daughter Fiona, a débutante last season, who wore a black tulle dress, and the Hon. Janet Hamilton, who wore a pleated pink tulle dress.

Other young girls enjoying the last week of the Scottish season were Miss Caroline York, who wore a green dress at the Perth Ball, Miss Phillida Austin, very striking in a pink dress with a design of ostrich feathers, Miss Caroline Blackett, who was in yellow, and Miss Anelli Drummond-Hay,

Both the candlelit supper room and the ballroom had beautiful flowers, which had once again been arranged by Mrs. Patrick Reid.

The following night there was the Angus Ball, a private subscription dance which is a much smaller but equally enjoyable affair. This took place in the Town Hall, Kirriemuir, and many of those I have already mentioned were present. In addition, of course, were the Earl and Countess of Airlie, the latter in blue, who had their eldest son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Ogilvy, and their youngest son, the Hon. James Ogilvy, with them. But their second son, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, missed the ball as he was staying at Balmoral. Also in the Cortachy Castle party were Lady Carey Coke, Miss Rowena Combe, Mr. Stewart Stevens and Mr. Hugh Munro.

The Earl and Countess of Southesk's party from Kinnaird Castle included his son Lord Carnegie, the Hon. Juliet Forester, Miss Sheila Campbell-Water, Mr. David Buchan, Mr. Alistair Anderson and Miss Rohais Anderson, who is making her début in London next season.

★ ★ ★

I FLEW over to Paris for what turned out to be one of the warmest and sunniest weekends of the year. The city was full, but uncannily silent, now that motorists are forbidden (with a very severe fine for transgression) to sound their horns.

Many people were there to see the great race for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, others to see the Salon Nautique being held along the banks of the Seine, which daily drew a big crowd, or the Paris Radio Exhibition, and others were already arriving for the Paris Motor Show which opened a few days later.

A number of Americans I met were spending ten days or so in Paris before they returned home after a summer in Europe. It was difficult to get a room in any hotel, especially the Ritz, which was absolutely full, and as always a great meeting place for people of all nationalities passing through.

Longchamp was looking its best, with sunshine gleaming on the glorious autumn tints of the trees surrounding the verdant green course. The women all looked exceptionally chic. Top coats had been abandoned in favour of a fine black wool suit or wool dress, or as in the case of Mme. Leon Volterra (always considered one of the best dressed among the French women owners), a neat black silk dress which she wore with a small white turban and her blue mink stole carried over her arm. Lady (Noel) Charles also looked very smart in black with Balenciaga's small white peaked cap, as did Mme. Boussac, who also wore a small white turban with her black suit.

The only people who did not enjoy this very warm day were the mannequins, who are always a feature of a big afternoon at Longchamp. They were without exception showing furs, mostly

luxurious fur coats ranging from full-length wild mink to a rather tailored black broadtail with white ermine collar and cuffs.

An innovation in the paddock was the iron rail guarding one side of the path on which the horses parade before each race. Before, there had been no protection whatsoever for the public. I was amazed to find how much we missed the broadcast running commentary we have all got so used to on the English racecourses today.

The big race, which is worth about £30,000, was most exciting and won by Mme. Jean Cochery's Sica Bay, winner of the French St. Leger. The owner, who looked very smart in a black tailored suit with a snow white ermine cravat and cherry velvet cap, was thrilled at the result and received endless congratulations in the unsaddling enclosure. Mr. Julien Decrion's Banassa was second and Mr. Paul Dubosq's Philanté third. The only English trained horse, By Thunder!, ridden by Charlie Smirke, finished ninth.

AMONG those enjoying this pleasant afternoon's racing were Baron Guy de Rothschild, Baron and Baronne Guy de Waldener, Vicomtesse Bigier, whose Roman Rule ran second in the Prix de la Concorde, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher,

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Pat Goodier and Mr. John Herrington watching with great interest the lovely gowns being displayed



Armstrong Jones

A POPULAR DÉBUTANTE

MISS CAROLYN BARCLAY, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Barclay, has had one of the most successful seasons a young girl could wish for—largely the result of an unusually happy personality. She lives with her parents at their beautiful home, Broad Oak End, Hertford

Continuing The Social Journal

Mr. Stephen and Lady Ursula Vernon. Prince Georg of Denmark and his wife, Lady Sudeley, Mr. Robin Gray, the Hon. and Mrs. John Coventry, Mr. Richard and Lady Mabel Brooke and Mr. and Mrs. George Murray-Smith on their way back from the South of France. Also Sir Eric Ohlson, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Reay, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Bonsor, the Earl and Countess of Dunraven, Miss Diana Royds, with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nichalls, who were talking to Mr. W. L. Pilkington, the new joint-Master of the Bicester Hounds, and his wife.

Mr. Derek Hague and his pretty wife were in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Holdsworth Hunt, and I met Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Scott, who had come out from their home in Scotland, also Mr. and Mrs. Resesby Sitwell, who were staying with the Hon.

and Mrs. Neville Berry on their yacht Explorer, which was moored on the Seine near the Pont de la Concorde. After racing I went and had a drink on board and found a very gay little party. More about this and the rest of my brief visit to Paris next week.

★ ★ ★

MISS DIANA DELAP made a very pretty bride in a silver embroidered white satin wedding dress, and a tulle veil held in place by a pearl and diamond tiara, when she married Mr. Robin Dent at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She was given away by her young brother Mr. Michael Delap, who flew back next day to Princeton University where he has a scholarship. There were three pages and four little bridesmaids, the boys wearing white shirts and green velvet trousers, the

little girls white tulle dresses with green velvet sashes. They were Henrietta and Lucinda Lawrence, Susan and Jane Webster, Nigel and Patrick Steele and Ralph Carmichael. The Rev. J. McAnally, uncle of the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Rev. W. A. Simmonds.

After the ceremony Mrs. Delap, the bride's mother, who wore a deep blue dress with a pink velvet hat trimmed with ospreys, held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel. Standing with her son she received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Col. and Mrs. Dent, who had come up from their home at Painswick in Gloucestershire, Mrs. Dent wearing a charming wine red ensemble. Happily, the bride's grandfather, Mr. Kingsmill Delap, was home from Kenya for the summer, and being a keen amateur photographer he took a coloured film of the couple as they left the church.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Webster, whose twin daughters were bridesmaids, the Earl and Countess of Devon and her daughter Lady Rose Pepys, who recently announced her engagement to Mr. Angus Drummond, Lady Douglas-Pennant, who is now living in London with her husband Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril Douglas-Pennant, Mrs. Robert Abercrombie who had come down from Scotland with her daughter Miss Alexandra Lawrence, Major and Mrs. Robert Steele, the bridegroom's brothers Mr. Rufus Dent, who was best man, and Mr. Richard Dent. Also there were Lady Hiley, Mrs. Humphreys Davies who had come up from Eastbourne, the bride's aunt Miss Gypsy Lawrence and her uncles Mr. Jim Lawrence, Mr. Guy Lawrence and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Pat Lawrence.

The young couple left for their honeymoon in Italy, and when they return they are going to live in Gloucestershire.

★ ★ ★

By kind permission of the Master and Wardens of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, guests recently went to a committee meeting on H.Q.S. Wellington which is moored near Temple Stairs. This was to discuss plans for the "Ball of the Future" which is to take place at the May Fair Hotel on October 28, and is to raise funds for the Girls' Nautical Training Corps and the Women's Junior Air Corps. Though these bodies receive a financial grant from the Government, they need more money each year to carry on their very good work.

The meeting, which took place in the spacious Court Room, was opened by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who made a splendid short address. Lady Fogarty, wife of Air Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, chairman of the ball committee, presided, and Countess Howe, chairman of the Girls' Nautical Training Corps, and Freda Viscountess Leverhulme, chairman of the Women's Junior Air Corps, both vice-chairmen of the ball, were present. Lady Bird—just back from staying with her daughter in the South of France—who is a member of the committee, and Lady Bowhill, whose husband, Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, is Master of the Company, were also there.

The dinner dance should be a very gay evening, with a mannequin parade and cabaret. Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith, one of the prettiest débutantes of last season, is in charge of a junior committee which includes Miss Iona Tottenham, Miss Sarah Burrows, Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano and Miss Joan Breyfogel, a young American girl who recently graduated from Vassar, so it is hoped there will be many young people at the ball. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Eaton, 96 Wimpole Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

NEXT Friday, October 15, the Downside Beagles Ball will take place at 6 Stanhope Gate. Lady (Charles) Russell is chairman of the ball this year and the committee includes many young members, among them Miss Fanny Argenti, Viscount Furness, Miss Tatiana Orloff Davidoff, who was a débutante this season, and Miss Carina Boyle who came out at the same time. Mr. Richard Beale is the very hard-working secretary, and tickets, which have been kept to the very reasonable price of thirty-five shillings which includes supper and breakfast, can be obtained from Lyndsay's Farm, Ingatestone, Essex.

★ ★ ★

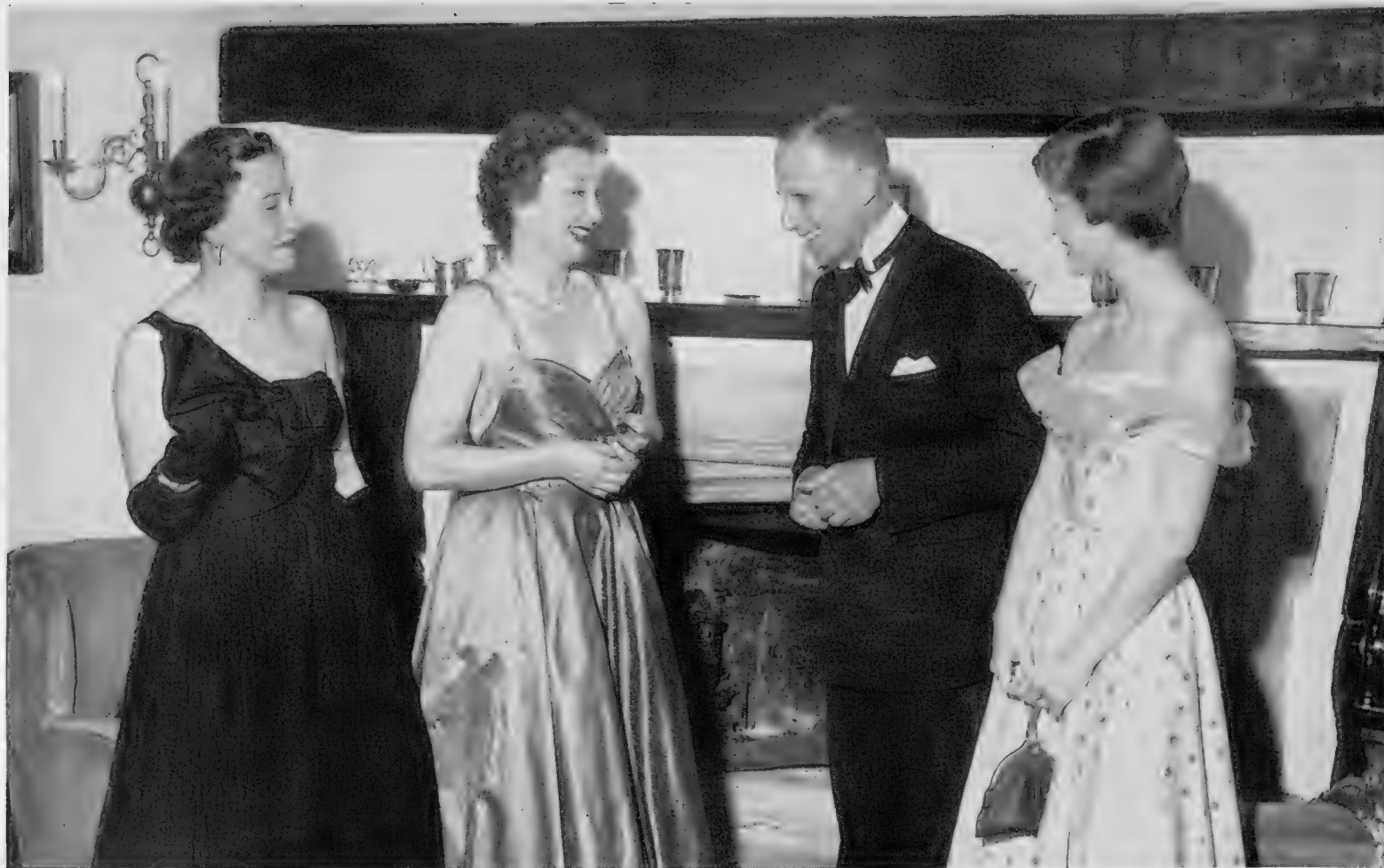
THE Trafalgar Fair, which is always one of the earliest and most progressive of the pre-Christmas Fairs, is to be held on October 21 at 6 Stanhope Gate, Park Lane. Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich is going to open it at 11 a.m. Earl Nelson is once again president of the Fair with Lady Waddilove chairman, Lady Swinfen deputy-chairman and Lord Strathcarron hon. treasurer. It is to raise funds for that excellent cause, the British Sailors' Society, so go along early on the 21st and take a friend, and one of you might win a car! You will certainly both be able to do a lot of early Christmas shopping from the many stalls, which vary from the "Good As New Boutique," the "Play Pen" and "Beauty Ahoy" to the "Sportsman's Corner."

THE ENGAGEMENT OF LADY DEIRDRE HARE

LADY DEIRDRE HARE, daughter of the Earl of Listowel, and of the Countess of Listowel, is to marry Lord Grantley, M.C., the seventh baron. Lady Deirdre made her début two years ago, and her fiancé served in the Grenadier Guards during the war



Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. Edward Sutro (left) and Mr. Sutro, the hostess and host, were chatting with two of their lady guests, both of stage and screen fame, Miss Googie Withers and Miss Virginia McKenna (right). They were in a part of the Manor built in the fourteenth century

THE DANCERS CAME TO A MEDIEVAL MANOR

*Many parties went down to Oxted in Surrey for an invitation
subscription dance given at Stocketts Manor in aid of the
Building Fund of the Central School of Speech and Drama.*

*Guests were loud in praise of the excellent organization
of the evening, which was prolonged into the small hours*



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Branson were watching the eightsome reels, which were a popular feature of the evening



Mrs. Roy Boulting, wife of the film director, Mrs. Nigel Balchin, wife of the novelist, and Lord John Conyngham were sitting out in a picturesque corner of this celebrated old house



Mr. Roger Thrupp and Miss Gillian Ratcliffe were enjoying a quiet drink before going to see the cabaret, presented by Mr. Nicholas Parsons



Mrs. Jean Henson and Mr. John Erb, on the balcony, had just caught sight of some of their friends coming into the ballroom



Miss Janet Beckles, the Baron and Baroness de Lagatinerie and Mr. Tony Ingram were chatting in an alcove off the dance floor. There were 150 guests



Four more of the company who enjoyed this excellent dance were Mr. P. R. V. Wheeler, Mrs. R. D. French and Mrs. and Mr. Rankin here sitting out together

Van Hallan



CECIL BEATON, the *débutantes'* immortalizer of the twenties, is fifty now. The bubbles of his early work have burst to reveal a more delicate artist, the Fragonard of the photographic world. In the meantime it has all proved tremendous fun: there have been designs for the ballet, scrapbooks for fans, décors for theatres, portraits of Royalty, fame in America, friendship with Garbo and, of course, World War Two. Here the silver-haired arbiter of the Couth showed that he could travel farther, record history better and shoot his film with rather more point than many of the toughest boys from Fleet Street. He proved, too, that all these things can be done with elegance, for Beaton without grace (except for the borderline case we never mention now) is unthinkable

Vintage Matters

—V. Gordon Lennox

OVER the 40,000 odd acres of Northern France comprising the area from which come the Champagne wines, picking and pressing of the 1954 crop has been proceeding for the past fortnight.

This will not be a year of distinction. Nature has decreed otherwise. The lack of sunshine, which has bedevilled the summer of Champagne no less than that of Kent, has deprived the grapes of much that is important for their maturation. None the less the skilled blenders will be able to draw on their reserves of other years to compensate in some degree for the shortcomings of the present harvest.

I have recently returned from forty-eight crowded hours in the vineyards, pressoirs and cellars of the great "houses" in and around Reims. I have attended the unveiling of three stained glass windows in Reims Cathedral, symbolizing in all its stages the production of this, one of France's most famous contributions to good living.

I HAVE walked through many of the dimly lit, vaulted corridors dug more than a hundred feet deep in the chalk subsoil of the region—cellars which extend two hundred kilometres under the "houses" of names known throughout the world. Names such as Moët & Chandon, Pommery & Creno, Heidsieck, G. H. Mumm,

Lanson, Mercier, Veuve Cliquot, Krug, Ruinart and many more.

In the labyrinth extending beneath the highly modernized plant of Moët & Chandon at Epernay, to a distance, I was assured, of eighteen miles, there are stored in racks, and at varying stages of maturity, somewhere between 15,000,000 and 18,000,000 bottles.

AND as a reward for this long and miraculous pilgrimage among these millions of bottles and magnums, our host, Comte Robert de Vogüé, invited us to take with him a glass or two of a superb wine of 1898—"a beautiful wife of fifty-five," as he described it in response

to our delighted comments.

Here was a wine made in the days when the pressing of the grapes was still carried out by human feet. Would other later wines have so long a life, we wondered? M. Victor Lanson ventured the view that those of 1928 and those of 1943 would undoubtedly do so. Of 1947 he was somewhat more doubtful.

How many millions of bottles lie in the great "caves" of all the big and smaller "houses" added together I do not know. But the fact that they must do so—by law for not less than a year, but oftener for four, five years or more to ensure perfection—poses a solemn financial problem for the heads of the industry.

This thought came to me as, later in the day, I was being piloted through the great tunnelled Roman cellars of Pommery & Greno, by Prince Guy de Polignac. There was no aspect of his firm's work with which he was not completely familiar—a familiarity coupled with a considerable pride that his "house" spurns the more modern, mechanized methods employed by some of his rivals and adheres strictly to the principle of work carried out by individual craftsmen at every stage in preparation of the finished product.

And what beauty these cellars, hewn out of the chalk by the Romans in the first century, possess in their vaulted ceilings reaching up a hundred feet to the surface for their ventilation! Down there, throughout the year, the temperature never varies from around 50 deg. F.

Just now 10,000 people are working in the vineyards gathering the harvest. They come for this work from hundreds of miles around, are fed, housed and paid by the industry—a holiday with pay such as the East Enders enjoy in the Kent hop fields earlier in the autumn. But I doubt whether the hop pickers feed as we fed that



A MILESTONE IN PUBLISHING was marked by a reception in the Festival Hall to inaugurate *The New Oxford History Of Music*, and, in the form of gramophone records, *The History Of Music In Sound* (the Gramophone Co.). Here ready to welcome guests were Sir Alexander Aikman, Dom Anselm Hughes, Mr. L. J. Brown, Mr. Geoffrey Cumberlege and Lord Brabazon

day on the typical meal which the grape pluckers would enjoy that evening.

According to the programme we were not to eat again that day until 10 p.m. (and as it proved the time was nearer to half past eleven!). The luncheon menu, served in a typical "pressoir," led off with Potée Champenoise, followed by salad, cheese, fruit and coffee.

To those who do not understand about "Potée" this can appear at first sight to be a slender meal—for the "Potée," it seemed, was an admirable soup, not unlike a Scotch broth. With an eye to the demands of the day yet to come—a reception at the Mairie and a long service of dedication in the Cathedral, before proceeding to a banquet at the Abbey of St. Remi—most of us ate liberally of bread and helped ourselves twice, and no less liberally, to the broth.

It was only then that our kindly host, Prince Jean de Caraman-Chimay, explained that this was no more than the bouillon in which the main dish had been cooked. Great, heaping plates of chicken,

bacon, sausages, potatoes and stewed vegetables made their appearance. When the salad, the cheese and the fruit had been added, washed down with copious draughts of champagne (Lanson, Laurent Perrier and Salon), there were few of our party still worrying about dinner.

Driving along the valley of the Marne, with its vineyards stretching away on either hand as far as eye can see, I found my mind wandering back to M. Mendès-France in London and the great riddle, or risk, of German rearmament. To many an Englishman the Marne conjures up the picture of a battlefield, rather than a peaceful, rather lovely stretch of rolling, vine-clad farmland.

Somehow one feels differently about it when one sees it, and its inhabitants, engaged upon their admirable vocation of wine-making. Let us not be too hard on the Frenchman who thinks many times before taking the calculated risk which others see as the high road to security.

At the close of day we were offered a "supper" in the glorious Abbey of St. Remi at which nearly 500 persons sat down to an eight-course banquet, with champagnes from all the great "houses" served throughout the evening.

The delegation from Britain—Peers, M.P.s, writers, and the like—numbered forty-five, among them the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones (promoted by the toastmaster at Reims to "Lord Salisbury-Jones.") Our hosts, of infinite generosity, seemed pleased that we had come. But they would, I know, be still more pleased if we would all resume champagne drinking on a larger scale.

For last year, and for the first time, Britain ceased to be the world's largest importer of their wines.



Sir John Power and two founder members, Mr. Hugh Monahan and Mr. M. C. Lyell, chatted in the bar before dinner



The chairman, Dr. G. E. Exner, and the Hon. Derek Winn were discussing the forthcoming big game exhibition in Düsseldorf



Major Kennedy, M.B.E., Mr. G. Best, founder member, and Baron A. Konopka, a member of the committee

Van Hallan

The St. Hubert Club Paid Tribute To The British Committee's Work For The Düsseldorf Exhibition

At The Theatre

Mr. Calamity - Reformer

Anthony Cookman

THE authors of *The Party Spirit* (Piccadilly Theatre) have the good idea of electing Mr. Robertson Hare and Mr. Ralph Lynn to the House of Commons. They do pretty well with it in the end, even if they make the mistake in the beginning of laying on the local colour a bit too thick.

There is a great deal of explaining how things are supposed to work at Westminster, and there is very little action. The authors forget that it makes practically no difference in farce whether the setting happens to be a milliner's shop or the Mother of Parliaments. We are waiting for whatever little world it is to dissolve into comic fantasy and the sooner the expected dissolution takes place the better.

Mr. Hare and Mr. Lynn are real persons ready to expose themselves to all the horrors of some quite unreal situation, and the old Astley maxim, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," is as appropriate for them as for circus quadrupeds.

A DELAY in putting them through their paces comes about in this instance, I suspect, because either Mr. Peter Jones or Mr. John Jowett has a natural turn for satire and would perhaps rather be writing a satirical comedy on politicians than working up a wholly fantastic imbroglio for the comedians. All through the evening there are odd breakings out of satire which scarcely earn their farcical place.

However, the collaborators, once they get going, work well together, and the comedians are both in splendid form. Mr. Hare, an earnest crank, is the leader of the Free Whigs, a party of two pledged to set the people free from all the repressions of postwar legislation. Mr. Lynn, who has unexpectedly won his seat through a liberal issue of counterfeit voting papers, is what it pleases Mr. Hare to call the rank and file of the party—a rank and file frivolous, raffish and disreputable to the core.

All Mr. Lynn wants is a peerage; and partly to escape from the blackmailing attentions of his election agent and partly from the embarrassing behaviour of the blonde lady from a night club who is his secretary, he at once goes in

search of it. Mistaken for a backwoods peer, he is able to speak in the Lords before he has taken his seat in the Commons and has some success with his stories; and afterwards he gets through his maiden speech in the Lower House quite creditably by reading a manuscript which he has picked from a fellow Member's pocket.

BUT this is merely an off-stage interlude. Naturally the fate of the Government comes to depend on precisely two votes, and the farce turns on the Free Whigs' bargaining power. It reaches its climax when Mr. Hare inadvertently drinks some drugged whisky and falls into a long sleep. Mr. Lynn notices that whenever the word "Division" is mentioned his leader rises automatically to his feet and tries to sleepwalk through the lobby. One vote will decide the issue of the day, and he gets the idea that if he and the dumb blonde were to wrap Mr. Hare up in paper and carry him to the door of the lobby the somnambulist could be depended shufflingly to cast his vote. Mr. Hare is wrapped up with an alarm clock in a brown paper parcel tied with red tape. He remains in that condition, displayed on a table, for a quite astonishing length of time before being trundled ignominiously away to become a suspected bomb and held under water long enough for it to detonate harmlessly. It is an obligation of honour upon authors writing in the Aldwych tradition of farce to discover a fresh indignity to put on Mr. Hare. Mr. Jones and Mr. Jowett meet the obligation so handsomely that its fulfilment becomes far and away the funniest scene of the farce.

DELIGHTFULLY as Mr. Hare and Mr. Lynn play together, their comedy will always remain slightly unbalanced till they have someone like Tom Walls or Alfred Drayton to complete it with the constant threat of the dire and unmentionable things that wait upon refusal of some altogether exorbitant order. Mere events are not strong enough to overcome Mr. Hare's deep-rooted decency; it can only go down effectively before some hideous threat of ugly personal violence. Miss Vera Pearce does her best, but her epicene bullying is somewhat insufficient. Miss Joanna Gaye is amusing as the dumb blonde and Mr. Roger Maxwell as the ripe old Parliamentary buffer.



Emmwood.

TWO OLD HANDS at Westminster, Mrs. Violet Binder (Vera Pearce) and Sir Wellington Hacker (Roger Maxwell), keep a sharp eye on the trouble-making Free Whigs, Leonard Bilker (Ralph Lynn) and William Grout (Robertson Hare)

—Illustrations by Emmwood



A DIVISION in the House is caused by Chloe (Joanna Gaye)



Denis de Marney

A GIFTED SOPRANO AT SADLER'S WELLS

AMY SHUARD, the dramatic soprano, seen here in the title role of *Tosca*, is one of the leading singers with the Sadler's Wells company. She was born in London, and studied at the Trinity College of Music, and last year was specially chosen to sing in Milan

London Limelight



Peter Wyngarde, Siobhan McKenna and Kenneth Williams in Bernard Shaw's famous play at the Arts Theatre

Doubly Irish St. Joan

THE two outstanding performances of the year, both of them from women, are, it seems, destined for short runs for mechanical reasons. Following Miss Ashcroft as Hedda, here comes Siobhan McKenna in Shaw's *St. Joan*, and bringing such talent to it as would make Cyclops weep.

I had always thought that Gracie Fields (a considerable actress in her serious moods) was probably the ideal Joan, for she has the accent the old man envisaged and the right dynamic quality; but now it is plain that the Saint was a slip of a girl with a country face and a soft Irish voice which could charm the heart and brain from a neolithic rock. Around her at the Arts are a company of her peers, and if London does not have a full opportunity to see this production it will be the major theatrical loss of the year.

MISTINGUETT's story (Elek; 21s.) makes brash, colourful reading for those who treasure memories of good King Edward's peaceful days. She emerges as a forceful, perky personality, and so vividly that one suspects that, contrary to custom, she must have written the book herself. On her last visit to London she was showing some of her years and only the wraith of Parisienne glamour remained like a wine of a century gone: a melancholy occasion. Here a more accurate mirror is held up to the past and savants can savour her adventures in most of their diamanté glitter, catch some of the thrill and nearly all of their vulgarity.

THE English Opera Group included Britten's version of *The Beggar's Opera* in their repertoire at Sadler's Wells. Any deviation from the Playfair version asks for comparison, and though I tried most respectfully to admire this one when it first appeared I cannot believe that these catchy and beloved period songs are vastly improved by modern orchestrations requiring enormous technical ability if they are to be effective. A singer without histrionic gifts or a commanding presence is torturingly miscast if he is asked to play Macheath in the footsteps of the immortal Randalow.

The company, it seemed from the circle, needed a sharp lesson in enunciation. Norman Lumsden alone knew what John Gay intended when he created his gallery of squalid rogues. Peter Snow's Hogarthian costumes and his variable set stood up well despite some remarkably unimaginative lighting. But, dear me, what a sad pretentious stew to brew from one of the great, rollicking English satires. How happy could I be with ether.

—Youngman Carter



Mr. Gayelord Hauser was expounding some of his theories to Lady Daphne Straight, the hostess (left), and Lady Milbanke

WELCOME FOR A DIETICIAN

FRUIT cocktails rather than champagne were the main beverages supplied at Lady Daphne Straight's party, given at the Dorchester to welcome the dietician, Mr. Gayelord Hauser. Jennifer describes the party on pp. 75-6



Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, Lady Mancroft and Lord Mancroft were having an animated conversation over some fruit cocktails

DINING IN

A Time For Resource



"Can we go to them?—their car won't start"

THERE are people who love painting, dancing and flirting. For myself, I like cooking and, even more than cooking, eating—eating, but not alone. By now, you will have come to the conclusion that entertaining is my favourite pastime. Perhaps I am fortunate, having a cook who loves the preparation of food as much as I do.

We take up all sorts of challenges—such as unexpected guests. For instance, I know a husband who rings up at a quarter to eight, with the invariable "Is there any luck in the pot? My friend is standing by the telephone longing for a home-cooked dinner."

I USED to get very distressed, but now I am ready for this sort of challenge. It always fascinates me, how resourceful my team is. And, indeed, I am proud of the fact that nothing ever comes out of a tin.

If soup is ready, we begin with soup. If not, we begin with a soufflé—there are so many kinds—and a simple dinner will turn into an occasion. How gratifying it is to hear—"How well you people live!"

Of course, on these occasions we dine at 8.30.

Without the guest we would have perhaps had tomato soup, lamb cutlets, potatoes and a vegetable, and finished with some fruit. This is how we changed the menu: tomato soup with croutons; lamb cutlets, potatoes and a vegetable, and fried bananas; zabaglione, cheese soufflé; and finishing up with white burgundy, coffee and brandy.

This is just an example; it varies all the time. I also keep a book and enter every dinner and who had it, so that if it is possible the same people will not get the same dinner again. And it is wise to observe what the guest likes or dislikes, or if he or she is just allergic to some food.

HERE is the way I make zabaglione. There are many ways of making it, but for four people I make it like this:

1 whole egg, 3 yolks of egg, juice of 1 orange, 1 cocktail glass of Madeira, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat well together over Bain Marie until it rises and becomes thick. Serve in champagne glasses.

This is a dish that tastes like nectar, and sets a perfect period to the more substantial courses.

—Countess Csaky



The Hon. Peter Ward, Mr. Billy Wallace and Miss Claire Baring were comparing notes of their impressions

DINING OUT

The Spits Are Tuned Up

CLÉMENT MAROT wrote in 1520 :

*Meat, Bread and Wine for storage in
The tract between the nose and chin,
Vouchsafe in unabating store
For ever and for ever more.*

It is a matter of some doubt whether we shall have an unlimited supply of the good things of life "for ever and for ever more," but there is no longer any doubt that if one takes a certain amount of trouble one can wine and dine as well in England to-day as anywhere in the world, and our ears are closed to the howls of dissension.

One of the things we observe with pleasure is the ever-increasing number of open grills which have come back into operation or have been newly-established; either the silver grills with bars over a glowing fire, or the revolving spit type, many of which derive their heat from the more modern sources supplied by gas or electricity.

COMPARATIVELY new is the CRITERION GRILL in the heart of Piccadilly. Surely this must be one of the most attractive grill-rooms in London. The grill and revolving spits are in a most original setting in the middle of the very spacious and gaily-decorated room. Investigate the Plank Steak Criterion. This is grilled in the normal manner until half-cooked,



Harcouri

when it is placed on a small slab of Chinese oak and replaced under the grill until the wood begins to smoulder.

At this point it is removed, garnished with whatever you may have ordered, and served to you "on the plank," the wood giving it the authentic and subtle flavour of a charcoal grill. For specialities such as "Nest of Chicken," consult the inventor who manages the grill room, Barney Labanyi. He will be delighted.

IN Chelsea and opened only in July is CHARCO, at the corner of Bray Place at the bottom end of Sloane Avenue. Here a flower-shop was turned into an authentic charcoal grill by the enterprising proprietor, Charles Massey, who runs the place, and his partner, Mrs. Joan Haig, in six weeks. Here you can get an incomparable fillet steak, never weighing less than half-a-pound, for 10s. 6d., which includes your vegetables—and even they are cooked to each individual order.

The fame of the smoked trout, which are prepared by a gamekeeper in Scotland exclusively for Charco, has even reached Paris.

The grill only works at night, and it is not unusual to see a sucking-pig on the revolving spit.

Remember it is a tiny establishment, so book your table. It has no licence, but bring your own wine, which they will treat with reverence and charge you nothing for the trouble.

—I. Bickerstaff



The Maharanee of Jaipur and Lady Edith Foxwell were also among the guests at this interesting party



The Duchess of Argyll, The Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, and the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Primo de Rivera



Loelia, Duchess of Westminster, Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., Sir Gerald Barry, who was Director-General of the Festival of Britain, and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava were chatting near the bar

Swabe



PRINCESS MARIA PIA of Savoy, eldest daughter of ex-King Umberto of Italy, with her fiancé, Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, are here seen together at Merlingen, Switzerland, shortly after the announcement of their engagement

Priscilla in Paris

A Famous Name Is Changed

THE rude schoolboy stared up at the workmen who were taking down the words "*Garde Républicaine*" from the façade of the barracks on the boulevard Henri IV. The youngster evidently had acquired knowledge of "*le grand Will*" from the Professor of English at his *lycée*. "A rose by any other name..." he murmured as he turned to eye the sentry. It was an extremely comprehensive stare that went from crown to toe, from boots to *képi*. It was raining and the doggy odour of wet cloth mingled with that of blacking and brass polish. "The smell's certainly the same," he added as he walked away.

Marie Antoinette's wisecrack about the *brioche*s added its own little impetus in

helping on the Revolution; the recent ukase that changes the name of the *Garde Républicaine* to *Gendarmerie Mobile* will hardly stir up the same trouble, but it is one of those foolish, vexatious things that might easily have been avoided. Polichinel always drubs the gendarme in the French Guignol. It stands to reason that the Guards, whether Imperial, Royal or merely Republican, do not care to be called gendarmes.

A MOMENT of subdued hilarity came at the Ledoux-Marouani wedding when *Monsieur le Maire* made a little speech during which it became very clear that he had mistaken M. Léon Ledoux, the pretty bride's Papa and co-director of the A.B.C. Theatre, for M. Fernand Ledoux, the actor of the Comédie Française, who

has been seen so often on the screen in London.

The poor Mayor bumbled on till, with a few witty words, M. Léon Ledoux put him right and we were able to stop biting the insides of our cheeks and enjoy a whole-hearted burst of laughter. It was friendly, understanding laughter, and Mister Mayor, who obviously was not a theatre fan, ceased to be embarrassed and joined in. The ceremony was, of course, the civil marriage which took place at the Town Hall.

The reception was held at the Ledoux's lovely flat in the rue de Berri which was once Réjane's home. The great actress's study has been left exactly as it was when she lived there. Her desk, her books, the photographs of her children, her own portrait by Nadar in the rôle of Madame Sans-Gêne, the comfortable armchair where she sat to read the innumerable manuscripts that were submitted to her, her books and the inevitable silver presentation ink-pot.

It is not often—in Paris, at all events—that a comedy about players and their affairs is successful. An exception that proves the rule at the moment is the great reception enjoyed by Somerset Maugham and G. Bolton's *Adorable Julia*, adapted by Marc Gilbert Sauvageon and produced at the Gymnase Theatre.

The play is taken from Maugham's novel, *Theatre*, and is a wonderful vehicle for Madeleine Robinson who, like Fernand Ledoux, has been seen so often in French films.

OF recent years visitors to Paris have become lazy. They stop half-way when making the ascent of Montmartre. The bright lights of the Place Pigalle—pronounced "pig-alley" by the G.I.s—seem to hold more attraction than the picturesque "village" in the shadow of the unlovely but striking Church of the Sacred Heart perched on the summit of "the Hill." Now there is a strong inducement to climb the whole way.

A fascinating realistic museum that purposes to represent the Montmartre of long ago has been opened in the cellars of a new building near the Place du Tertre. Fifteen dioramas portraying famous historical scenes include the cloisters of the abbey that existed in the days of Louis XIV.; the *bon Roi Henri* and Gabrielle d'Estrée, in a rustic—and amorous—mood by the windmills that, alas, have vanished also. The departure of Gambetta by balloon during the siege of Paris, and Clemenceau, who was Mayor of Montmartre during the Commune, in his study.

CLOSER to us are Toulouse-Lautrec in his studio; Rudolphe Salis welcoming guests at the Chat Noir; Old Frédé, who was host at the Lapin à Gil, chatting to Mac Orlan, Carco and Dorcelès. . . . Frédé is no more and the Lapin is little more than a landmark, but his three friends are eminent members of the Goncourt Academy. A little sadly we murmur "*Eheu fugaces*" . . . but nevertheless the museum is enormous fun!

Après . . .

① Martine Carol, harried by a publisher to write her memoirs, pleads for time "in order to live them first"!

OXFORDSHIRE PASTORAL

FRAMED in the porch of Bletchington Hall, Oxford, the home of her husband's parents, Lord and Lady Rotherwick, is the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer and her small daughter, Robina Jane. Formerly Miss Sarah Jane Slade, she married the Hon. Robin Cayzer in 1952, and they also have a son, Herbert Robin, who was born this year. During the war, her husband was a Major in the Greys (supplementary reserve) and served in the Middle East theatre of war



A Close Finish At The Curragh

THE Irish Cambridge-shire was won by Mrs. F. A. Morris's Turkish Spice, who got up at the post to beat the favourite, Merry Xmas, by a short head in the last few strides. The winner was ridden by John Power, who had three successes in the afternoon



As they passed the post, Turkish Spice just getting his nose in front of Merry Xmas, with Prince of Fairfield, on the extreme right, a length away, third



Lt.-Col. Rowly Byers, from Clonsilla, Co. Dublin, studying the runners with the Hon. Mrs. Edward P. J. Corbally - Stourton



Mr. Tony Riddell-Martin from Co. Meath, with Miss Sara Walford and Miss S. Pilkington, sister of Sir Thomas Pilkington, Bt.

On Buying A Farm

THE PICTURESQUE FALLACY

TWO things, I would say, are fairly essential for the man or woman who is going farming for the first time, as I am. One is a farm and the other is a knowledge of what he is going to farm. And I am not at all sure which of these is the more difficult to acquire.

I do not say this lightly. In order to get a farm you have to pass through the hands of a whole inexactitude of estate agents. They become an integral part of your life, especially if you are looking for a residential farm or, better still, a gentleman's residence with small farmery attached.

In my case I got to know estate agents before I got to know ducks, and was early beguiled by the fine phraseology that is necessary for the disposal of property. It took three or four expeditions to bring perspective in the wake of

disillusion and before I realised that a simple thing like a comfortable farmhouse of solid construction turns out to be a black sepulchre of a place hewn out of solid rock into which the sun and fresh air have not yet been allowed to penetrate.

AFTER that come the niceties, the sort of upper form of the profession. You learn that a charming sixteenth-century cottage ideal for modernisation is in reality a tumble-down shack which may have been constructed for some Tudor forester, but was certainly rejected by him; and that an interesting period house of unusual design will have the bathroom somewhere between the drawing-room and dining-room.

You will learn to beware of anything that is highly convenient for trains to London, for you will have a property that shares fences with a

station goods yard. The phrase "mains electricity and water in vicinity," which can cover a multitude of sinks, can be optimistically interpreted as meaning light and water will be laid on in about ten years if you're lucky.

You will become resistant, as I did, but every now and again some low punch will sneak past your guard. Like this one which sent me off to the West Country one rainy Sunday in search of a "gentleman's residence in Somerset on high ground running down to the River Avon." It was an accurate description . . . except that between the house on the hill and the River Avon below stood an oxygen factory and a slum area. It had a magnificent view of both.

This finally disqualified the West Country from my contemplation.

It tends to set one wondering about estate agents. About their private lives. Do they become ensnared in the voluptuousness of their own jargon to such an extent that they take it away with them when they go home?

However, all that is over now. Somewhere in the heart of East Anglia, far from the maddening crowds and Sabre jets, either one of which passing near by would be enough to put a duck off laying for a month, we have found the place we want . . . residence, period, redecoration, modernisation, mains, farmery, the lot. Ironically, its only drawback is that it is rather a long way from the fish offal. But it's wonderful for ducks.

—ROBERT CRISP

At The Races

FOLLOW MY LEADER



ALTHOUGH the jumping season does not really begin to get into its stride until the November meeting at Aintree, fun and games are to be had elsewhere—at Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park, etc. Some people, as we know, think that there is nothing to beat a jumping race; some others still think of it as "the illegitimate"—always, as I thought, a rather unmerited title, and certainly so since the direction of affairs has been under the strong guidance of the N.H.C.

Things which hardly bear talking about did happen in the bad old days. There was, for instance, the classic case of the race with three starters: a blazing hot favourite ridden by the famous Black Tom Olliver, a farmer's horse that could go quite a bit, ridden by a chuckle-headed farmer's lad, and one other that could

only win if given at least two fields start. The farmer told his boy to hang on to Tom Olliver and to do exactly as Olliver did until the run-in, when he knew his horse was fast enough to leave Tom's ride standing still.

Unfortunately, Tom Olliver heard these orders being given, so he decided to back the third one. Half-way round, Tom pulled up on a road and, of course, the deeply-suspicious farmer's boy did the same. Tom trotted down as far as a pub, where he asked the boy if he would like a drink. In the meantime, the third one had gone on lobbing over the fences and won unchallenged!

Now all that Lester Piggott has got to do is to put up a world's record by winning the Grand National, and this he will probably do before his career ends, because he has all the necessary pluck and dash for an

adventure like that. His grandfather, Ernest Piggott, rode the winners of three Grand Nationals—Jerry M., and Poethlyn twice. Keith Piggott, Lester's father, was another famous figure between the flags, so it now obviously remains for the boy to put the coping-stone on these achievements.

LESTER is just the cut of a 10-st. steeplechase jockey, and as he will have difficulty in keeping his weight down to the flat-race level, it is certain that sooner or later he will have to take to the less-well-paid jumping game, for which he is very well cut out. There is not so much money in it because the stakes are not so big even in these days, but most people with an adventurous spirit would, I think, prefer the excitement of going top speed over big fences to the less exciting game of riding on the flat.

Anyway, here's hoping, and if I could gamble on living long enough, I am sure that I should see young Lester riding a winner in Aintree's great race. Good luck to him, anyhow!

Here is a first shot at the Autumn Double—Corydalis and Ambler II. Though it is rather venturesome to express an opinion so long before these events, this is a first impression, and I hope it is a good one.

—SABRETACHE

B.B.C. Held Their Own Horse Show

A MOST popular and successful horse show and gymkhana was held by the B.B.C. Riding Club at Windsor recently. There were excellent entries for a varied number of events and a large crowd enjoyed a well-organised afternoon



Miss D. Marshall on Rosie and Miss S. Thornton on Sealingwax, the winners of the Open Pair Relay Jumping Competition. Judges were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. E. Hance



Miss Mary David (Outside Broadcasting Department) won the Riding Club's Trophy for Horsemanship. She is seen here with Dawn Patrol



Miss Margaret Rogers, Hon. Sec. of the Riding Club, with the General Secretary of the B.B.C. Club, Mr. H. G. S. Clarke

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE CELEBRATION

HAZELTON MANOR, Cirencester, was the scene of a delightful ball given by W/Cdr. and Mrs. Robert Grant-Ferris to mark the coming-out of their daughter Sheira, and the coming-of-age of their son Piers, lately returned from the Canal Zone



Miss Elsbeth Hostettler dancing with her fiancé Mr. Nicholas Preston, on the specially-laid dance floor in the marquee



Miss Phyllida Plowden and Mr. Gordon Simpson sitting-out in one of the rooms of the Manor, which dates from the twelfth century



W/Cdr. R. Grant-Ferris, Miss Sheira Grant-Ferris of Egyptian brocade brought back by her brother Ferris, and Mrs. Grant-Ferris were here waiting to



Mr. Euan McCorquodale, Miss Fiona Menzies St. Clair had taken the opportunity to moments outdoors, so unusually mild was this



who wear a dress
Mr. P. Grant-
welcome their guests



and, Mr. Malcolm
be their refresh-
autumn evening



Mr. Robin Gage, Miss Carina Boyle, Mr. Andrew
Waugh and Miss Anne Roberts were other
young people at this very well-arranged party



Miss Judy Tregoning and Mr. John O'Brien were
two other guests who went into the garden—which, with
the house, was floodlit for the occasion, with great effect

Swaebe



"When I left Holloway, my dears, after my first stretch. . ."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

BEHIND the hard boys' latest sizeable coup—£40,000 worth of gold blocks swiped from a van off Holborn as easy as kiss-your-hand—is the same Master Brain, the Yard sleuths believe, which organised the £250,000 gold grab at London Airport in 1948. And how delightful a surprise if this Master Brain turned out to be somebody's Granny, if only for its heartening effect on the crime-fiction racket.

Savants of the Moriarty type, though they abound in real life, went out of crime-fiction with hansom cabs. Of the Professor's myriad successors we chiefly love and esteem that type of gentle old lady in grey silk with the brains of a criminal Napoleon who lives in Brooklyn or Clapham, humming hymns, organising coups, and knitting busily. Note incidentally, chicks, that her ideal prototype was created by Hans Andersen.

Grandmother is very old. Her face is wrinkled and her hair is quite white, but her eyes are like two stars. . . .

"When I left Holloway, my dears, after my first stretch . . ." See the beaming faces of the hard boys round the fireside. Another lovely bedtime story! S-ssh!

Meditation

BANG-BANG-BANG! Rarely does Grand-mamma whip out the old rooty-toot-toot to teach a naughty boy a lesson. She prefers the quieter disciplinary technique of Jonathan Wild. "Deary, deary me," says the kind old voice sadly, "I shall have to sell that stupid Porky to the cops after all, I'm afraid. Apart," says Grandmamma, wiping her spectacles, "from utterly wrecking the Park Lane job, he really should *not* try to double-cross me with a record like his, the silly, silly boy." And between the pages of her ledger Grandmamma presses yet another red rose for remembrance . . . Excuse this gulp.

Flash

As you bask in the rays of the memsahibs' glorious eyes, have you ever asked yourselves what makes them flash so divinely? No? Really? Nor has a single lyrical poet, so far as we know, since the dawn of Time—not even one of the lyrical poets of Spain, surrounded in every age by the finest eyes in Europe.

*Ojos claros, serenos,
Si de un dulce mirar sois alabados . . .*

However, the publicity-boys have just stumbled on the secret, the brisk little rascals. Bright eyes come (they announce) from having

a pure bloodstream, obtainable at a cost of 1/7d., large size 3/10d.

At this modest price, it seems hardly necessary to observe, the entire Race can afford to metagabolise the world with its lustrous gaze; even that 75 per cent. of it whose eyes are at this moment dim, bloodshot, glazed, dazed, frozen, bunged up, or a total blank. Mumsie, who is that gentleman in the bowler hat raking me with orbs of playful, dazzling fire? Hush, Esmé, that is Mr. Nockitt, of Nockitt, Rids-thorpe, Scattermole, and Bulp, the well-known auditors, renowned even in the City for the exquisite purity of their bloodstream.

You say the mems would stamp their pretty feet with rage at this overwhelming competition, and you are right. They might even have to wear dainty blinkers in the radiant presence of gentlemen to whom 3/10d. here or there is no object. At Lord's members of the MCC would themselves be asked to veil the blue lightnings flashing from their eyes. Oh, I say, Australia all out for 23! Oh, I say, just *listen* to our brethren from Overseas!

Item

WORKMEN at Stratford-upon-Avon have lately dug up a stone slab inscribed: "Heere lyeth interned the body of Ann..... of William Shakespeare" (etc.). This, experts

say (*vide* Press), was made some years ago for the American tombstone-rubbing market. Whether it will be put across a myriad dopes afresh was not stated.

Rich women often ask us why the Baconian boys, who have blown up the major box-office attractions of the Stratford Racket on paper with such scientific thoroughness, don't start an opposition-campaign in that dump itself. We find it is because they are well aware that the dopes would murder them. This attitude seems rather a weakness. "Martyrdom is the test," as Dr. Johnson said. As we pointed out to a confirmed Baconian last week, an exquisitely lovely girl-Baconian torn to pieces outside Shakespeare's alleged birthplace by wild schoolmarmos from New England would almost certainly make front-page news, if she had a doggie with her. You can see the opening of next day's *Daily Snoop* correspondence from here.

SIR,—While one must naturally regret the lynching at Stratford, British dog-lovers will want to know why an Airedale was exposed to an ordeal of this kind. The effect on the nerves of any sensitive dog must be appalling. Surely his owner, foreseeing her violent end, should have left her pet at home?

Yours, etc., DISGUSTED.

Aria

MUCKING up the silver Rhine is Auntie Progress's latest triumph, you will perceive from the discovery on the riverbed near Dusseldorf of a thick layer of manganese, iron, and assorted industrial filth.

This won't affect the Rhinemaidens' volume of song, a Wagnerian chap tells us, but it may slightly alter the technique of Alberich, the wicked Nibelung dwarf, when he calls to enjoy a singfest with the Rhine girls and to steal their gold. The libretto could be easily adapted. Alberich's sharp eyes would hardly fail to note the manganese as well. When the Rhine girls have stopped deriding him he sings (this chap suggests) a long aria about manganese, voicing his personal opinion that it's hardly worth holding on to. However, just to oblige the Head Girl, Big Lotte Bopp, he'll contact a big shot in the metal-oxide racket, Izzy B. Waltzertraum of the Kemikergebömpausgrabensaktiengesellschaft, and get a quote. Big Lotte sings back thanking him awfully, darkness falls, Alberich vanishes grinning, with the Rheingold, the Rhinemaidens weep, and the scene changes to Valhalla. Nothing more is heard of the manganese situation till, just before the end, Izzy B. Waltzertraum enters Valhalla singing "Boys, don't forget I got an option on that manganese." Howls from the Rhinemaidens. Twilight of the gods. Wotan threatens to destroy Valhalla. Izzy sings that he's got an option on that as well, and the curtain falls, none too soon.



"... enters singing 'Don't forget I got an option on that manganese'."



ENCHANTMENTS DEVISED FOR HALLOWE'EN BALL

LADY MANCROFT presided at a most successful committee meeting in Gate Gardens to arrange details of the Hallowe'en Ball. It took place at Queen's Gate Gardens, where Mrs. Gilbert Lodge, for the third year running, lent her house for this occasion

Left: Mrs. Lew Grade and Lady Mancroft were talking to Mr. Kenneth MacKenzie and Mrs. D. C. Plummer



Mrs. Kenneth Butler-Henderson was discussing some of the projected attractions of the ball with the Master of Gray

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A UNIVERSITY professor—one of the absent-minded variety—was awakened by the telephone at 2 a.m. The caller inquired: "Is that one, one, one, one?"

★ The Professor answered: "No, it is eleven, eleven." ★
"Oh, I am so sorry," said the caller, "wrong number. Sorry I disturbed you."
"That's all right," the Professor rejoined. "I had to get up to answer the telephone, anyhow."

PARKER had been celebrating and was making his way home—walking with one foot on the pavement and the other in the gutter. A policeman went up to him and said sternly, "You're drunk."

"Oh, thank goodness!" said Parker. "You know, I thought I was a cripple."

WHEN an insurance assessor returned from investigating a fire, he was asked by a superior what had been the cause.

"Friction, I should say," the investigator replied tersely.

"Something rubbing together, do you think?"

"Yes," was the reply, "the fire was caused by rubbing a £5,000 insurance policy against a £4,000 house."

A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD man had announced his engagement to a young girl, and the topic was being discussed by a group of friends.

Said one of them disapprovingly: "I don't think these May-December marriages are good at all. It's all right, perhaps, for December to find freshness and beauty in May, but what can May possibly find in December?"

There was a pause, and then one of the others said quietly, "Christmas!"

HOWLING with rage, the baby sat in his perambulator while his father pushed him along.

"Now, James, control yourself," the father said in quiet tones. "Keep calm."

A woman who had been watching said, "I congratulate you, young man. You know just

how to speak to babies, calmly and gently. So much better than shouting at them." Then, leaning over, she said to the child in the pram, "So you are James?"

"No," corrected the father. "His name is Peter. I am James."

THEY had been celebrating at a reunion dinner and were driving home together. For miles their road ran parallel with a railway line. Suddenly a passenger train rumbled by them, going in the opposite direction. The driver commented, blearily: "Did you notice that every house in that village we just passed was still lit up?"

"Not only that," added his passenger, "but the first house was on fire."



"Nothing in particular—just a routine check"



CECIL PARKER, whose appearances on the screen in blusterous-pathetic guise give film connoisseurs a pleasure happily not too rare, is now to be seen as a father-in-law in the domestic comedy, *For Better, For Worse*, at the Warner Theatre. The cast also includes Dirk Bogarde and Eileen Herlie

At The Pictures

Wildest Of All Belles

THOSE of us with daughters have long had our eye on St. Trinian's, Mr. Ronald Searle's celebrated academy for young ladies. A full school prospectus is now available in film form, called *The Belles of St. Trinian's*.

Mr. Searle's has been one of the best cartoon jokes for years. We have all laughed at his monstrous embryo females who will stretch a fellow-pupil on the rack to find where she keeps her tuck. But would it stand up to full-length film treatment? And could flesh-and-blood girls look and behave as horribly as Searle's creations—I'll answer that one straight away. They can and do.

On the whole the joke lasts out the Spring Term. But it needs all the skill of that practised screenwriter-director team, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, to keep the ball in the air. They string the horrifying episodes together in a farcical story, about spivvry and fast practice on the racecourse. It is mostly very well contrived and good for a hearty laugh if you are not in one of your subtle moods.

ALASTAIR SIM, an imposing battle-axe as the headmistress, really holds things together. At times he is splendid. He also doubles the part of the headmistress's brother Clarence.

What pretence there is of discipline at school goes when the daughter of an Oriental potentate arrives as a pupil, with £100 pocket money and the *entrée* to her father's stables, where the Cheltenham Gold Cup favourite is housed. The complicated betting transactions of the sixth and fourth forms, and of the headmistress and her brother, lead to action in the school tradition. The horse is abducted. If I try to explain further I shall need to see the school psychiatrist myself.

Meanwhile school routine continues. Gin is distilled in the chemistry class, the school trophies are pawned, there are hockey matches which make Central American football finals seem like pat-ball. Visiting inspectors from the Ministry are trapped by the scrumptious French mistress (played by Balbina), who runs a permanent "French lunch" for them. The geography class, under Hermione Baddeley, studies the principal French vineyards.

Joyce Grenfell, as games mistress, is the only decent female we meet, and it makes for great fun. Her stand for Fair Play earns her a crack on the head with

Television

BEST OF THE COMMENTARIES



ADAM CRAWLEY'S "Viewfinder" series, promoted to-night to Wednesday evenings, is T.V.'s most wide-minded commentary on current affairs. Combining topicality with sobriety is the difficulty Crawley and his producer James Bredin have to combat. The last remarkable "Viewfinder" programme on Germany was rushed into the programme at forty-eight hours' notice with urgent impact before the Nine-Power Conference. Failing any comparable crisis, to-night's "Viewfinder" will be turned on the railway dispute. Crawley's interviews with representative workers and Union leaders is sure to be fair and to the point.

The Unions will also come under a T.V. searchlight next Monday. Sam Watson, the Durham mineworker who showed such sturdy sense on the China Tea Party, will be one of the "Public Enquiry" panel answering questions on "The

Trade Unions: too much power and too little responsibility?"

To-morrow is an antiquarians' evening out. Sir Mortimer Wheeler, after presenting the Society of Antiquarians' Gold Medal for Archaeology to Professor Brondsted, of the National Museum of Copenhagen, will bring him along to the studio to join the panel of "Animal, Vegetable and Mineral." Third member of the panel will be the genial Irish Professor Bodkin. Glyn Daniel, of course, takes the chair in this most gracious of parlour-games. On the same evening, by way of nightcap, Robert Farquharson is reading two of M. R. James's *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*.

STAR of to-night's celebrity concert is the great violinist Gioconda De Vito. Patricia Foye, young producer of these exciting concerts, is also taking over Monday's "Music for You." Among the stars Eric Robinson is to introduce is Malcuzyński, this generation's Polish pianist.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Good advice from St. Trinian's head (Alastair Sim) to the games mistress (Joyce Grenfell)

a croquet mallet. She gives a witty performance and has a splendid hockey walk.

Best performance in the film is from George Cole, the mere male who is the school's plenipotentiary in spivvery.

If you go to see it, as you should, get there in time to see an excellent short about London, entitled *Bow Bells*, which precedes it.

MORE conventional British comedy is to be seen in *For Better, For Worse*.

Dirk Bogarde and Susan Stephen make a charming young couple whose marriage is founded on love, £6 a week and the hire-purchase system. It is adapted from Arthur Watkyn's stage comedy and directed by J. Lee Thompson. We are conducted through most of the situations which can be hung on a one-room flat and an inadequate income. It is pleasantly done; it would be often tedious but for the quality of the acting and—here and there—a sparkle in the dialogue.

Cecil Parker and Eileen Herlie are well cast as the bride's parents. There is some delightful play from Athene Seyler, as the over-helpful neighbour, and Dennis Price as a house agent.

A gala week for comedy. All the above and Gogol, too. Mr. Danny Kaye has given us his version of *The Inspecting-General*. Now we have the home-made Russian version.

The story—the penniless young fop who is mistaken in a small town for an inspecting government official—will be a delight for ever. The corrupt officials of the small town heap him with entertainments and gifts in the hope of influencing his report.

Now I would not like to discourage anyone from seeing this film, for it is amusing. In fact, I would pay to see it myself. So it is not the capitalist hyena in me which picks on some elementary faults, surprising when one expects a more sophisticated technique from the Russians.

The sound track is like a saw-mill. Its clangour is reinforced by the hero, who never drops his voice below a shout in a part which should, if anything, be underplayed. In fact, the production is more like a pantomime than a comedy. Characters are made-up almost like circus clowns. Grouping of shots is stagy, not cinema, and mediocre stage at that.

Vladimir Petrov, the director, should have his film editor liquidated for his wooden cutting. For all that, there is an engaging gusto about the film.

—Dennis W. Clarke



GRACE KELLY is here seen as the career girl heroine in Alfred Hitchcock's latest production, *Rear Window*, now at the Plaza. She stars with James Stewart in this taut successor to Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder*, in which also she acted. Miss Kelly went to Hollywood from Philadelphia.

Gramophone Notes

PORTER WITHOUT CHAMPAGNE



enchancing melodies; his taste has been impeccable.

But there comes a time in the affairs of everyone when the sparkle flags, and, of the score of this new importation from the U.S.A., I can only say that it is *fade*. To every American, and, indeed, to the Argentines, Armenians and the Greeks, Paris spells enchantment. Cole Porter's music for *Can Can* doesn't spell anything much.

Of the current recordings, the Theatre Orchestra, not the Coliseum Theatre Orchestra, I must point out, plays a selection of the "plug" tunes from the show, which is innocuous enough. (H.M.V. C.4260.) Kay Starr presents a very

"hick town" rendition of "Allez vous-en," to which she consistently adds the "G"! (Capitol C.L. 14167.) Les Baxter, with his chorus and orchestra, ramble through "I Love Paris," as though Paris was a potato! (Capitol C.L. 14166.) While Gordon MacRae, grand artist that he is, doesn't quite convince in "C'est Magnifique" that anything could ever be "magnifique"; not, hélas, even l'amour. (Capitol C.L. 14168.)

REDOUBTABLE Teddy Johnson does both "Magnifique" and the "Eng" song. (Columbia D.B. 3521.) It is Georgia Gibbs who gives the best recordings so far to hand. She attacks "I Love Paris" as though another "Night and Day" has been created. Alas! Miss Gibbs, it hasn't! (Mercury M.B. 3152.)

In absolute fairness to four of these recordists I must add that it is much better value to listen to the reverse sides of their records. They are in no way connected with *Can Can*.

—Robert Tredinnick



This soft, reseda-green wool jersey dress has an unusual slotted collar and trimming. Notice its three-quarter dolman sleeves and its sensible, permanently pleated skirt. It costs 8½ gns. The dark-green felt "riding-hat," priced at £4 3s. 2d., is the perfect partner for our Choice of the Week Coat

A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

PRACTICAL ELEGANCE

HERE is a coat as British as the weather and perfectly suited to all its vagaries. It is made by Burberrys, in the Haymarket, a firm whose name during the last hundred years has become synonymous with waterproofs. Beautifully tailored in dark-green Burella gaberdine, a material which, with true British under-statement, is merely called "shower-proof," this is a coat that, for all practical purposes, will wear, we feel, for ever. Dress and hat are also from Burberrys.

—MARIEL DEANS





Notice the nicely-rounded shoulders and dolman sleeves of this coat, its adjustable collar and concealed fastenings. It costs £15 12s. 6d. and will give good value for every penny

John French



AND NOW AUTUMN RETURNS AGAIN

Warmth with freedom of movement
are priorities for October wear

ON this page and those following (writes Mariel Deans) we show four Autumn outfits chosen for the woman who lives in the country. These clothes are warm and comfortable, with plenty of room for her to move in and drive her car in comfort. The hats are by Connor. Moss Brothers of Covent Garden make and sell the Glenurquhart check tweed suit shown above with its rather long, this-season's jacket and slim-fitting skirt. This suit is also made in other tweeds.



. . to the Country

Peter Scott makes this very good-looking botany wool sweater with its ribbed stand collar and long sleeves—all inquiries to Ulster Chambers, Regent Street, W.1. The skirt is made of permanently pleated Terylene, which is so crease-resistant that we believe you can sleep in it with no ill-effects! A Maxwelle Originals model, it is stocked by Liberty of Regent Street





A shadow-check tweed suit, by Country Life, that is coloured like a sunlit grouse moor. It has high revers, large patch pockets and sensible inverted pleats in the skirt. Jenners of Edinburgh have it

Autumn In The Country

Windsmoor's very charming two-piece is made of dark, spinach-green pebble-tweed. The three-quarter coat has big pockets and cuffed sleeves, whilst the skirt is a wrap-around affair. Harrods have this in their Budget Department

Diary Of A Lady
Of Limited Leisure

HITTING THE CEILING

Diana Gillon

Two months and more ago we were awakened in the watches of the night by what sounded like an arms dump blowing up, and, dashing panic-stricken downstairs, found about a quarter of the breakfast-room ceiling sprawled over the breakfast things, which for once in a way I had remembered to get ready the night before.

Since then life has been a ceaseless struggle to get somebody to put things right. Because, authorities tell me, it is now possible to raise rents of houses if the owner does some repairs, all the builders for miles round are even busier than usual. One after another has come round after repeated urging to pronounce scornfully that it's only about twenty-five quids' worth of work and they'll let me have a definite estimate in the morning.

One after another has not let me have any estimate at all. Week after week we have sat at breakfast willing bits of plaster not to fall into the cornflakes. Until at last the jobbing gardener, jogged by the daily help, says he

knows a builder who's very busy of course but could probably fit us in as a favour to him.

We take this unlikely hypothesis with the grain of salt it deserves, until in the middle of the very next morning's breakfast a little man with a sob in his voice and an expression of acute gloom appears and says he's come about



the ceiling. Hardly daring to breathe we usher him in and wait while he drapes tape measures and note-books among the coffee cups and eventually announces sepulchrally that the whole house was badly shaken during the war... hasn't got long for this world... has ceilings ripe for disintegration at any minute... best have the whole lot down and a new one in... cost you sixteen pounds if it costs

you a penny. We clinch the deal as casually as possible... are amazed to hear that he will start in a week's time, and settle down to compile a list of other builders for when he doesn't turn up.

However the day before the deadline he rings up to remind us, and at crack of dawn men with ladders appear and start battering away at the ceiling while we are still hastily assembling the breakfast-room's contents and arguing about where to put them so that they will be out of the way of rubble and dust.

A PERIOD of pure chaos ensues in which we might be living in a nightmare. The breakfast-room, ex-kitchen, is strategically situated between the ex-scullyery, present kitchen, and everything else.

Thus, with the breakfast-room full of plaster and ceiling-breakers, the only way to take food from the place in which it is cooked to the place in which it is eaten is to plunge into the garden, trudge round the back of the house, go through the french windows and into the dining-room. It is, of course, raining, so that this has to be done not merely at breakneck speed in order to keep the food from freezing, but also wearing gumboots and mackintoshes.

Essential supplies such as cruets, cheese biscuits, table napkins, glasses, etc., normally kept in the breakfast-room, must be temporarily housed either in the kitchen or the dining-room. But nobody ever remembers what is in which, so that meals get even colder while we dash backwards and forwards through the elements to rescue this or that vital adjunct.

IN spite of being about to fall down at any minute the breakfast-room ceiling takes about a day's labour on the part of two herculean-armed young men to remove. During the procedure the house, the neighbourhood, and my nerves are shaken to their foundations. Plaster dust permeates through doors, windows, chimneys—our argument about where to put things was redundant—no



place is screened, and there is even dust on the washing as it hangs on the line outside.

How the two young men can breathe in the thick of it is beyond me, even masked as they are by three-cornered, bandit-like scarves; small wonder that they have to emerge at frequent intervals and brew themselves innumerable cups of tea.

However, it is down at last. I enter over the debris and, forgetting that one doesn't joke on such subjects, remark humorously that I hope they haven't found any dry-rot. To my horror they smile gaily and say yes, just a little—would I like it out? Inspecting the hideous bit of fungus on its beam, I urge them to destroy it root and branch. I also try not to wonder if they would have just walled the thing up to gnaw still farther into the house's vitals if I hadn't asked my silly question.

STILL, it has stopped raining now, and the job is nearly done. And, as builders go, they have been amenable. When I said white paint on the ravaged breakfast-room walls, they didn't reply that what I wanted was a nice rich chocolate. When I wanted the new ceiling papered with a trellis work of vine leaves, they didn't say they'd never heard of such a thing. Perhaps, it occurs to me now, they are new to the job and probably the ceiling will fall down again soon. Still, until it does, we are able to eat in peace under a canopy of vine leaves.



Not as fierce as they look, but highly original, are these black and white dogs in Italian pottery. They are available at Finnigans for 25s. and 63s. each



The Potter Makes News

A NOTE of originality can be introduced into the home by means of the various examples of china photographed on this page, all of which are distinctive and individual

—JEAN CLELAND



This charming Delft ware comes from Holland and is filled with a good make of eau-de-Cologne. Shoe 25s., miniature water jug 22s. 6d., pot-pourri vase 22s. 6d., Dutch barge lamp 25s. From Selfridges



A smart set for the contemporary room, in black and white Italian pottery. The ash tray costs 10s. 6d., the cigarette box 40s. Finnigans have these in stock



Beautiful Marcel Franck Limoges sprays, designed and painted by the celebrated French artist Raymond Peynet. Obtainable from most good stores at 84s. each

Two beautiful examples of Royal Doulton Lambeth pottery, designed and made for export by Agnette Hoy. Other pieces are available from Derry and Toms



Dennis Smith

SHOPPING LIST

Painless Poodle Trim



HAVING one's hair kept in shape is a moderate expense compared with the charge for coiffuring a poodle. I once attempted to trim mine myself and the result was disastrous. My eye must have been definitely *out*, and when the poor thing was finished it looked like a badly cut hedge. So I am glad to be able to tell you of a new dogs' "Beauty Parlour" where clipping, stripping, bathing, etc., is all done for the very reasonable cost of 17s. 6d. for a miniature poodle. In addition, "Alldogs" (111 Walton Street, S.W.3) sell pups, and all dog accessories. If you want a puppy of some specific breed not in stock it can be obtained for you within forty-eight hours. How's that for service?

THE Saxone Shoe Company contribute to the coming "dress-up" season of dances and parties with a smart and sparkling set, comprising a black suède handbag, "pointelle" trimmed, with evening sandals to match. The "glitters" on shoes and handbag are multi-coloured and harmless to gloves and stockings. The price is very reasonable at 32s. 9d. for the handbag and 44s. 9d. for the sandals. Obtainable at most branches of the Saxone Shoe Company.



FROM time to time, most of us have occasion hurriedly to wash out the odd blouse, pair of stockings, handkerchief or piece of lingerie. Where to hang them up to dry quickly presents a difficulty, especially when staying with friends or in a hotel. This can be overcome with the new nylon clothes-line, which, thin enough to roll up and put into your handbag, is still sufficiently strong to be described as "almost unbreakable." Moreover, it is adjustable and can be made short or long, according to need. A handy affair to have by you, for the small cost of 2s. 11d. The one I saw was at Woollands of Knightsbridge.

"WHAT is she going to do?" This is a problem which frequently harasses mothers of teenage daughters who are about to leave school. If the letters I receive are anything to go by, a large proportion of young girls are anxious to go in for beauty culture. How to set about it is the question. Those in search of an answer will find practical and very helpful advice in an excellent book which has just come out, called *Brenda Buys A Beauty Salon*. Charming in the form of a story by Evelyn Forbes, a well-known beauty writer, the book tells how Brenda learns the whole business from A to Z—and eventually sets up her own salon. The facts are authentic, and the reading entertaining. This book is a very good buy for 7s. 6d.





"Insouciance" is the name of this delightful style by French of London. Short in front and falling into a half fringe at the back, it can be gathered into a chignon

A new interpretation of the pageboy line . . . sleek and well cared for, it achieves a polished simplicity which is the perfect foil for evening dress



French of London

BEAUTY

FACE UP TO THE LOOK

OVER from Paris recently came the well-known make-up artist Guy Nicolet, from the Elizabeth Arden Salon in the Place Vendôme. Well known to every smart Parisienne for his skill in the art of maquillage, he was here for the purpose of putting across the New Look in "Face Wear" for the coming season.

Hearing that he was to be at Elizabeth Arden's for a day before going on to give demonstrations at a London store, I called in to see him and hear news as to the latest trend in fashionable make-up. This it seems, is called "Parma Violet," created by

Elizabeth Arden, and first seen at the Jacques Fath collection in Paris.

"Parma Violet" does not mean that we shall be wearing violet powder and violet rouge and lipstick. It is merely a name to describe a softly feminine, yet sophisticated look, achieved with pale skin tones. Particularly effective for evening, it is the perfect complement to lovely clothes and sparkling jewels.

Outstanding feature of this "New Look" is that rouge is muted; practically none at all in the case of a young face, and just a little more, shaded out to a mere suggestion, for the older woman. The foundation beneath "Invisible Veil II" powder, is light—Basic Sheen is ideal for the purpose—and the whole effect, which I saw demonstrated on a model, is one of charming fragility.

★ ★ ★

ACCENT for the face is placed on the mouth with a brilliant new "Parma Violet" lipstick, and on the eyes which are dramatized to enlarge them, make them shine, and to give them the new tilted look, which goes well with what Jacques Fath called the "Femme Chat." This is not, as you might think, a "catty" look, but is Fath's way of implying grace and soft femininity.

For the eye make-up, Guy Nicolet used a small brush, and I was fascinated by the way in which he deftly "built up" the eyes, and by the lovely colours he used to do it. First a thin—very thin—green line painted just above the eyelashes on the upper lid, and beneath, on the lower lashes. Then on the eyelids a "Violet Argent" eye-shade, which is the colour of Parma violets with a hint of silver. The lashes themselves were tipped with "Green Evening Cosmétique," which is beautifully delicate and much softer than the more usual black, and the brows lightly defined with a touch of grey eyebrow pencil. Artistically and expertly done, this gave the eyes a lustrous look which I can assure you was infinitely becoming.

"Parma Violet" make-up is not, of course, intended for the day. It is expressly designed for balls and parties and grand occasions, when glamour is the order of the night.

Several tips which I got from Guy Nicolet are worth passing on. If, owing to late nights or just general fatigue, there are dark shadows beneath the eyes, these can be disguised by using a lighter shade of powder round this area. If, on the other hand, there is a sign of puffiness, darker powder than that used on the rest of the face should be used to conceal it.

In both cases, these powders must be carefully blended into the basic shade, so that no dividing line is visible.

Darker powder is useful too for "diminishing" any feature that is too large or too prominent. A big nose, for instance, can be made to look smaller by shading it off with dark powder on each side. The same thing can be done for a face that is too square by dusting dark powder along the jaw-line.

★ ★ ★

"NEW LOOK" for the hair was the theme at a breakfast party given by French of London. An unusual and delightful affair this, where, while the new styles were created in front of us, we drank delicious piping hot coffee, and ate the traditional hot sausages, crisply rolled bacon on sticks, and scrambled egg served in scooped-out hot crescent rolls. (Incidentally a lovely and original idea for a party.)

French of London's trend for the coming season is a soft look (as with the face) with a free and graceful line. In his view, hair will be a little longer with no hard clipped edges. Severity is out. As usual, his technique of styling is done with the brush, which seems to make the hair fall in a beautifully natural way, to create a frame for the face.

★ ★ ★

INTRIGUING feature of the party was the transformation from daytime to evening styles. Each model had her hair set in exactly the same way, yet, when the stylists got to work, the finished heads were completely different and distinctive, and designed to suit the individual girls. This method makes it extremely easy to change from one style to another, as we saw when the models, having been "dressed" for the day, were quickly brushed out, altered and re-arranged for the evening.

The results were very lovely with—for wear with evening dress—sparkling scatter-pins, and beautifully designed chignons holding the hair in place at the back.

—JEAN CLELAND



BY APPOINTMENT SILVERSMITHS

TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI



What a charming gift idea it is, to present, on each anniversary, or as occasion arises, a piece from one of our very attractive Toilet Services until the whole set is completed.

At '112' you always have a fascinating choice in Silver, Silver Gilt & Enamel and Ivory. See these Services here, at your leisure, anytime—or may we send you, post free, one of our illustrated lists?

GARRARD & CO. LTD.
Crown Jewellers

formerly
THE GOLDSMITHS &
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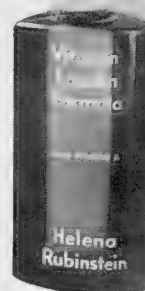
112 REGENT STREET • LONDON • W.1 TELEPHONE • REGENT 3021

Helena Rubinstein's *Beauty News*

NEW VITAMIN-LANOLIN FORMULA

Revives Dry Lined
Skins

A modern vitamin liquid that *promises* dry lined skin the fresh bloom of youth — that is Vitamin-Lanolin Formula! Two vital ingredients work together for your skin health. Vitamin A corrects dryness. Replenishing lanolin restores moisture. Simply smooth on Vitamin-Lanolin Formula — your skin becomes *instantly* lovelier! Women over 35 with dry sensitive skin need the extra nourishment of Night Hormone Cream, 36/-. The rich hormones feed the inner skin to make the outer skin firm and beautiful.



Helena Rubinstein uses an amber bottle to protect Vitamin A. Vitamin-Lanolin Formula 9/9. Special economy size 17/3.



AMAZING NEW DEEP CLEANSER *Cleans Deep for Beauty!*

Here's a truly modern way to clean your face! Helena Rubinstein perfects creamy Deep Cleanser. This gentle fluid penetrates deeper into pore openings to float out dirt and stale make-up. Whisks away mascara! Melts off lipstick! All in a moment! A special antiseptic ingredient destroys harmful blemish-causing impurities. Yet it is mild enough for a baby's skin. And Deep Cleanser's rich emollients leave your skin magnolia-soft . . . immaculate. Deep Cleanser in squeeze-bottle 12/- and special trial size 6/9.

POWDER YOUR FACE WITH *Real Silk!*

Yes, Helena Rubinstein's real Silk Face Powder is silk, pure and simple—light as gossamer and luminous as light itself. First, cleanse with amazing new Deep Cleanser—it cleans *deep* for beauty. Then smooth on the flattering skin tones of Silk-Tone Foundation. Now, powder with gossamer-soft Silk Face Powder and see—no more dull shadows on your skin. Just a delicate veil of soft suffused light! Complete with Silk Lipstick. Now, a new idea! When you want to refresh or you've just one minute to make you pretty, there's new Silk Minute Make-Up, 9/9. *Real Silk* Powder and Foundation in one! Just a touch—you glow like a girl in love.

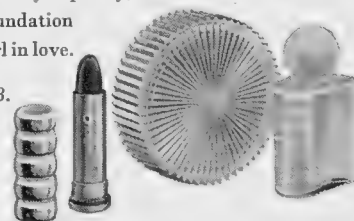
Silk Face Powder 10/6, 20/3. Refills 17/3.

Silk-Tone Foundation 9/9, 18/9.

Silk Lipstick 10/6. Refills 6/-.

Silk Rouge-en-Creme 7/6.

Deep Cleanser 12/-, 6/9.



Learn your routine :

To find the beauty treatment best suited to *your* skin, do drop in to No. 3 Grafton Street. Our beauty expert will be happy to advise on your beauty. Helena Rubinstein, 3 Grafton Street, London W.1, Paris, New York

Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth
Bowen

TWO NOVELISTS of high distinction, Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson and Dr. C. P. Snow, are here with their son, Philip Charles Snow. They were married in 1950 and live at Clare, in Suffolk, in a large sixteenth-century house which must fulfil a writer's ideal



Mark Gerson

Genius Of The Deep South



PROGRESS fosters many excellent things—does it, however, produce genius? Countries, or parts of the world which are most enlightened, most mechanized, most cleaned-up and abreast of the new ideas seem, sometimes, lacking in the creative urge.

Whereas Spain, Wales, Ireland, the depths of provincial France—still tradition-bound, still in the shadow of the past—give out, where the arts are concerned, giants, as did, prior to 1917, the still-feudal Russia. Great Scottish writing comes from the unmodernizable fervour of Scottish temperament.

The literary output of the United States—prototype, surely, of the progressive country—may seem to give the lie to this argument. But it is a fact that, in northern America's deep south, it is the nominally "backward" state of Mississippi that has given birth to two of the most outstanding writers of our time—William Faulkner and Eudora Welty.

In the south, to judge from Miss Welty's art, there has been no impoverishment of the human air. There is a richness of idiosyncrasy, as shown in her beautiful short book, *THE PONDER HEART* (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.). Narrator of the story is Edna Earle—that is, Miss Edna Earle Ponder, proprietress of the Beulah Hotel in the small town of Clay. Predominating figure is Uncle Daniel, her Ponder uncle, though also contemporary. For:

"My papa was Grandpa's oldest child and Uncle Daniel was Grandpa's baby. They had him late—mighty late. They used to let him skate on the dining-room table. So that put Uncle Daniel and me pretty close together—we liked—to caught up with each other. I did pass him in the seventh grade, and hated to do it, but I was liable to have passed anybody. People told me I ought to have been the teacher."

NOTHING lessens, however, Edna Earle's sense of respect, due to precedence by a generation: Uncle Daniel remains her marvel and pride. Nor, when he presents her with a seventeen-year-old aunt-by-marriage, Bonnie Dee Peacock, is her attitude to the bride less impeccable. This solution of Uncle Daniel's love life should have been

permanent, but for a tragedy. Before that had been the infatuation for Intrepid Elsie Fleming, death-riding motor-cyclist at the fair, and the short-lived marriage to Miss Teacake Magee (*née* Sistrunk, relict of Professor Magee, killed by a train) who'd insisted on singing at her own wedding.

Uncle Daniel's noble and generous innocence soars above the norm of common humanity. So high, indeed, did it come to soar that Grandpa, "to teach him a lesson," had once consigned him, for a spell, to the Jackson city asylum. For it came to look as though, in a short time more, Uncle Daniel would have given away everything. No sooner would he meet you than he would start trying to give you something. Things Edna Earle could think of that he'd given away began with a string of hams, included two trips to Memphis, a field of white Dutch clover, innumerable fresh eggs, a pick-up truck, even his own cemetery lot—but they wouldn't accept it. "He's been a general favourite all these years."

GRANDPA'S sudden death (a case of the Ponder heart) having removed one check upon Uncle Daniel, Edna Earle takes over the watchful rôle. To and fro between the Beulah Hotel (which, by the way, Uncle Daniel had given her) and the Ponder mansion—which, at some distance from Clay, stands alone in woods full of hoot-owls—plies this fond and ever-elated niece. . . . Edna Earle is not writing the Ponder story, she is telling it, breathlessly and with emphasis, to a stranger who's dropped in to the deserted Beulah. How has the Beulah come to be dead-empty? The climax of the court-scene drama explains.

So, we hear the whole. Any further attempt at summary could only knock the bloom off *The Ponder Heart*. For the joy and magic are in Edna Earle's vocabulary, and her way of seeing things. You'll know the Clay community—the ubiquitous Sistrunks, the Clanahans and so on—deliriously and thoroughly by the end. Also poor little Bonnie Dee, with her batting eyelids, and her run-down tribe, the Peacocks of Polk—"Of course, Polk used to be on the road. But the road left and it didn't get up and follow, and neither did the Peacocks." A climate, an atmosphere and, I do not hesitate to say, a civilization are forever embodied for us in *The Ponder Heart*. The Joe Krush illustrations do

justice to architecture and furniture. Rare are books like this, so lively and lovely. In fact, this seems hardly a book: it's a lease of life.

★ ★ ★

A HISTORY OF COURTSHIP, by E. S. Turner (Michael Joseph, 15s.), is as entertaining as one would expect it to be, and as well-documented as its subject deserves. Mr. Turner ranges from the cave-man period to the present day, dispelling myths and unearthing actual customs. The arts of courtship (that is, with a view to marriage) should properly, as he points out, be distinct from the baser arts of seduction—though from time to time, in literature as in life, there has occurred a certain vagueness or overlap. Troubadours, for instance, extolled love rather than sought brides, and, before their time, the poet Ovid did little towards raising the marriage-rate. The respectable suitor, while he foreswore licence, should not be above learning how to please.

How far, in various times and countries, were marriages "made"; how far could romantic inclination prevail? Virtuoso rebels against the mercenary régime were many. How far could primitive impulse be sublimated, sanctified, or line up with the social idea? The drolleries of a courtship, its boredom for others than the two people, come in for comment by Mr. Turner—that "all the world loves a lover" he does indeed doubt!

HIS chapter-titles give a fair notion of the contents, trend and nature of his *History Of Courtship*. Here are examples of them: "Passion as a Fashion," "Parents' Choice," "All Five Senses," "Sinful Dalliance," "Towards Sensibility," "Bundling: Honi Soit," "Romanticists and Others," "Love Among the Prudes," "The New Woman." . . .

Courtship customs have, necessarily, adapted themselves to the changing status and more independent outlook of the fair sex. And realism—to too great a degree—has on the whole succeeded to gallantry. With the penny post introduced, courtship speeded up: how great have been, for better or worse, the accelerating effects of the telephone! And, for that matter, the motor car? The cinema's double, dubious effect ("screened" love-making, plus the secluded darkness in which couples may sit) has been also studied.

[Continuing on page 116]





Peter Clark

from the Gainsborough Room at

Evening gown of sapphire velvet
richly encrusted with gold embroidery

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

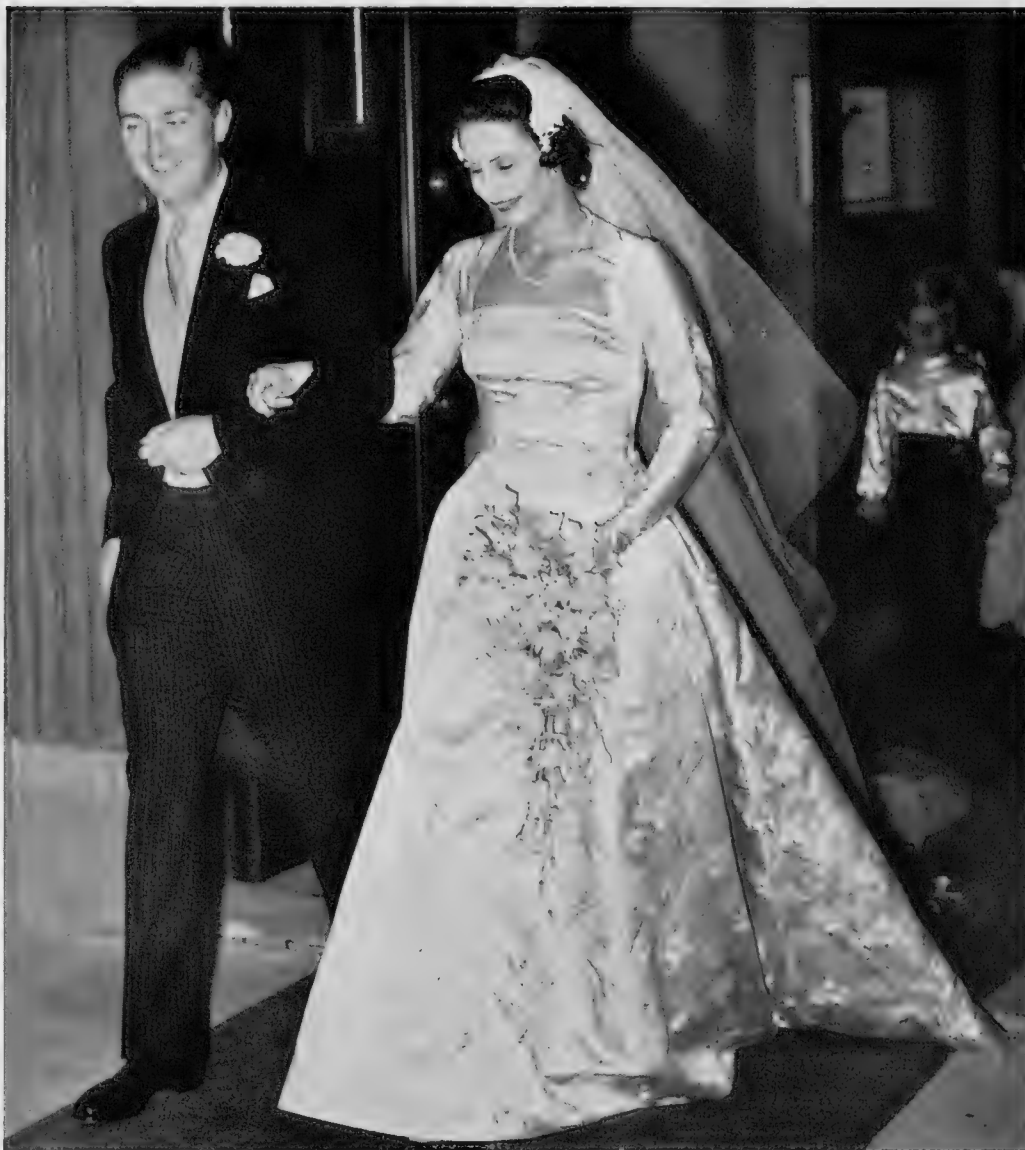
LANgham 4444

**CHAPMAN—FRANCE**

The marriage took place at the Chapel Royal, Tower of London, between Capt. S. H. Chapman, Royal Fusiliers, and Miss Shirley France, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce France, of Queen's Elm Square, S.W.3

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review

**BECKWITH-SMITH—PARKES**

Mr. J. M. Beckwith-Smith, son of the late Major-Gen. M. Beckwith-Smith, and of Mrs. Beckwith-Smith, of Sulhampstead, Berks, and Miss S. E. Parkes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Parkes, of Connaught Hall, Co. Wicklow, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

**MORRISH—MONCKTON**

At Holy Cross Church, Bearsted, Kent, Mr. P. S. Morrish, son of Mr. S. V. Morrish, of Horsham, and of Mrs. E. M. Morrish, of Tunbridge Wells, married Miss J. S. Monckton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Monckton, of Bell House, Bearsted

**VICKERS—KING**

Capt. P. J. H. Vickers, son of Lt.-Gen. W. Vickers, of Cheltenham, and of the late Mrs. Vickers, was married to Miss Daphne King, daughter of the late Mr. A. R. King, and of Mrs. R. King, of Charlton Park Gate, Cheltenham, at Cheltenham

**DARBY—BOSTOCK**

At St. Mary's Church, Stafford, Mr. Robert Keith Darby, of Green Royde, Pedmore, Stourbridge, married Miss Annabel Bostock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bostock, of Barn Bank, Hyde Lea, Stafford

An important introduction— a new big Daimler



BY APPOINTMENT
The Daimler Co. Ltd.
Motor Car Manufacturers
to the late King George VI



D238

the swift, immaculate new DAIMLER REGENCY *Mk II*

FOR MEN OF AFFAIRS

MAKING ITS DEBUT at the Earls Court Motor Show this year is a car of exceptional character—the magnificent new Daimler Regency Mk. II. It is a new *big* Daimler, a superb car combining rare performance with a high degree of luxury. Spacious yet manœuvrable—dignified yet fast, the Regency is of infinite value to the busy man of affairs. It provides for five adults an extremely high standard of comfort in an atmosphere conducive to

either relaxed discussion or complete rest. But the Regency has elegance too, with gracious, though modern, lines. Like every Daimler, it handles with consummate ease, every detail of design combining with fluid flywheel transmission to produce a quality of motoring that is absolutely incomparable.

The Regency is available with either a $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre engine. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ litre gives a cruising speed of over 70 with a top speed of over 80 mph. The corresponding figures for the $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre model are 80 and 90 mph.

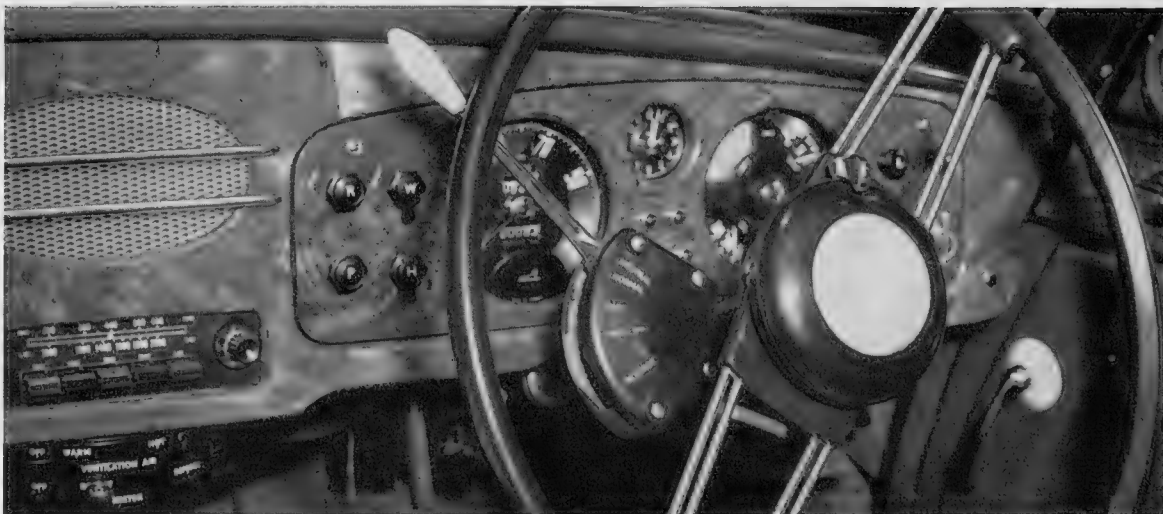
Not the least surprising feature of this car is the price. The inclusive figure, in spite of the category to which the Regency obviously belongs, is nevertheless no more than £2324. 9. 2 (with the $3\frac{1}{2}$ litre engine). Two other new, large Daimlers will be the $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre Sportsman saloon and the Daimler 'Regina' 7-seater limousine.

The Regency has the new Dunlop Tubeless Tyres fitted as standard equipment

'Power with Prestige'

Motoring

THE SELECTOR LEVER is a prominent feature in the driving layout in the new Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire. Below, the Sapphire is a car of fine lines as well as proud lineage



The Driver's Mate



LOOKED at in one way, the Armstrong Siddeley automatic transmission now offered in one of the Sapphire models is an extension of the work begun by the company in 1928 with the pre-selector box.

And fully automatic transmissions today are arousing much the same kind of controversy that pre-selector boxes did then. It is said that they take something from the driver; that, although they ease the task of the inexperienced, they restrict the driving niceties of the experienced.

Whatever may be the correct view, I would say that, as a policy decision, the introduction of an Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire with automatic transmission is right. People are waiting for this transmission and many of them are unable to reach the prices of the Rolls-Royce and the Bentley. So I feel certain that the automatic transmission Sapphire, at a fraction less than £2,000 inclusive of tax, will prove popular.

AN admirable party was organized by the company to introduce the car and the two other models, with "preselectric" gearbox and with the ordinary synchromesh gearbox. Mr. H. T. Chapman, the managing director, presided and correspondents were given an opportunity of making brief trial runs in the cars.

Basically the chassis remains the same; but there are useful secondary modifications. I wondered whether I detected, in the introduction of a "hand-brake-on" warning light, response to certain events at Goodwood last year. After being enthusiastically motored round the track a Sapphire returned to the paddock smelling horribly hot about the brake drums and it was discovered that the age-old oversight had occurred once again. This could not or should not happen with the warning light. The cheapest of the three models is that with synchromesh box. It costs £1,722 7s. 6d. inclusive of tax.

VARIOUS other new car models have been introduced and I shall seize opportunities of referring to them in future articles. But I must say something today about the new Daimler Regency Mark 2. Here we have a car from another company that has done much to develop automatic and semi-automatic transmission systems. The Regency Mark 2 has the ordinary Daimler pre-selector gearbox and fluid flywheel.

Apart from the tasting mechanisms, which maintain their watch on engine revolutions and accelerator pedal position, this well tried and well liked Daimler transmission system is basically the same as one of the most popular American systems and also as the system which has been taken up in this country. The step from pre-selector box and fluid flywheel to full automatic transmission is a small one.

Meanwhile I think all will agree that,

although it is not possible to do everything with an automatic transmission that can be done with manual box and fluid coupling, it is possible, with box and fluid coupling, to do everything that an automatic transmission can do. The essential characteristic of the new Daimler Regency, however, is mainly concerned with engine size and body size. Two different engines are available for this car, of $3\frac{1}{2}$ litres capacity and of $4\frac{1}{2}$ litres. Both engines are six-cylinder, overhead valve units. The car is a bigish, 5-6 seat saloon. Sir Bernard Docker announced the new cars. If one "rounds" the price figures to avoid those idiotic pence and halfpence beloved of the purchase tax authorities, they become £2,324 for the $3\frac{1}{2}$ litre Regency Mark 2 saloon and £2,778 for the $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre. There are also "sportsman" saloons with the alternative engine sizes at somewhat higher prices.

The Conquest range includes the roadster with folding head and will include a roadster with fixed head.

I MUST now reserve comments upon other new models because something must be said about the Minister of Transport's invitation to the world in general to express its views on the compulsory fitting of two driving mirrors. Such action would, of course, be good for business. The more motor cars can be cluttered up with reflectors, lights, semaphores, mirrors, number plates, licence holders and the rest of it, the more trade there will be. So it grieves me greatly to have to express opposition to the plan of making two driving mirrors compulsory.

The trouble with this Minister, as with his predecessors, is that he has not laid down first principles before rushing in to make regulations. Road salvation will not be found by complication. Sticking more things on the car looks like "action for safety" perhaps, but is really nothing of the sort.

THE first principle which should guide all Ministerial actions is to aid driving concentration. Everything should be arranged to contribute to this end of more driving concentration. But the Minister is proposing to increase driving distraction. We know already that many drivers do not use the single mirror now fitted. We know also that there are occasions when that single mirror is a cause of accidents. A driver, taking avoiding action for something in front, catches a glimpse in his mirror of someone coming up too fast behind. He tries to modify his avoiding action so as to take care not only of what is before him, but also of what is behind him. The result is almost invariably a worse kind of crash.

Complication never yet aided concentration. So I beg the Minister to lay down his first principles and not to go rushing round finding new regulations and new fittings.

-Oliver Stewart





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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Westminster's Story

WESTMINSTER is probably the only one of the great public schools which can assign no definite date to its foundation. It evolved naturally from the seminary attached to the Benedictine Monastery of Westminster, but there is no record of when the school began or of its founder.

The first trace of the school occurs in the fourteenth century, when it was situated just outside the monastic precincts. It survived the Reformation and was destined to survive the second dissolution of the monastery. The school as it exists today is largely the work of Queen Elizabeth I, who by letters patent dated June 11, 1560, directed that the statutes of foundation should be drawn up. The Queen took a lively interest in her new foundation and it was natural that her principal subjects looked with favour on the school.

Its close connection with the Abbey and its geographical position were other factors that contributed to its prosperity, consolidated during the long reign of Richard Busby, the seventeenth-century headmaster; who for fifty-seven years, in exceptionally difficult times, steered the destinies of the school.

In its early years the school was financed out of the revenue of the Abbey, but though the Public Schools Act of 1868 separated the school and Abbey finances it made no essential change in the character of the foundation.

The buildings are almost entirely within the precincts of the Abbey and form a little world of their own. Many of monastic origin, adapted to new needs, continue to serve. Part of the Cellarers building, erected around 1400, has been occupied by successive headmasters from 1461 to the present day; the fourteenth-century archway leading to Little Dean's Yard remains unchanged. Portions of the medieval Prior's house are incorporated in the seventeenth-



Ashburnham House, Westminster School, with the Abbey towers in the background

century Ashburnham House, a notable feature of which is its beautiful staircase.

Here and there are scraps of medieval and eighteenth-century work. Outside the front door are two link-extinguishers. Disused for more than a century, they were once again, in 1937, made to serve their original purpose when the King's Scholars extinguished their torches in them after conducting the King and Queen to the Latin Play, with its traditional Epilogue, a burlesque of current social and political events.

ON Shrove Tuesday occurs the Greaze, or Tossing the Pancake over the bar from which in olden days hung the curtain dividing the Upper and Under schools. The origin of this curious custom is unknown, but

it dates at least from the mid-eighteenth century, and other quaint Shrovetide customs suggest that it may have a far longer history.

Other Westminster customs which survive from the more picturesque past include the ceremonial election of scholars to Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, with which Westminster under its Elizabethan statutes maintains a close connection, the daily service in the Abbey, and greatest, though happily rare, the Coronation Ceremony, when the Queen's Scholars play a part in the service, walking in the Procession of the Regalia, and being first to acclaim the new sovereign with cries of *Vivat* on behalf of the people of England.

Westminster has a long and interesting athletic history. It was from Westminster and Charterhouse football that the present Association rules were evolved. The school has turned out many brilliant footballers, some playing for England in the great Corinthian era.

IN the eighteenth century the boys of Westminster found plenty of opportunities for sport in Tuttle Fields, a vast open expanse of marshy land stretching to Chelsea. When it became known in 1810 that the land was about to be leased for building, Dr. Vincent, then Dean, ordered out a plough to drive a deep furrow to mark off the ten acres which now perpetuate his name. At a later date the area was confirmed by Act of Parliament as the school playing fields.

In 1796 Westminster met and defeated Eton on Hounslow Heath, the first known cricket match between public schools, and the records of Westminster rowing date back to 1813, which seems to be the oldest continuous record of any school boat club.

-S. A. Patman



D. R. Stuart

WESTMINSTER'S SOCCER TEAM which defeated Winchester last February: Standing, D. P. Gordon, C. O. Haxtall, D. S. Perrett, R. L. Lowcock (coach), P. G. K. Saunders, J. O. Crosse, K. G. Sandford, T. F. Richter. Sitting: W. D. J. Turner, S. L. Henry, W. Anderson (capt.), J. W. Tourlaimain, D. J. A. Delmotte

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The unusual and diverting adventures of Simpkin, the tiger cub who grew up to be a vegetarian, are written and illustrated by Nancy Spain in *The Tiger Who Couldn't Eat Meat*, her first children's book. It is published by Max Parrish at 6s.

Books (Continuing from page 108)

The Communal Doll

Mr. Turner's conclusions are, mainly, comforting. If the world is going to the dogs (judged, that is, by the goings-on of young people) it's been doing so for many thousands of years—seldom has young love not caused alarm. But the present-day suitor is more graceless. Our author nominates four things wrong with the state of courting today, and the first, I believe, is the most important. "Courting," he suggests, "needs a new code of manners, a new fastidiousness. There is too much mauling. Social intercourse between the sexes needs to be enlivened, as it once was, by grace, courtesy, fascination and wit."

★ ★ ★

DIANA MARR-JOHNSON has built an outstanding novel around what might be, otherwise, a case-history. *BELLA NORTH* (Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.) is the story of a foundling, raised in a Home for Orphans and, thereby, denied what the normal child has—the certainty of being a unique and precious object of love. The longing of the mite to be singled out, and in turn to single out an adult person for some especial relation to herself, collides with the "no-favourites" rule of the institution. Nothing must be Bella's own—no, not even the doll given her by the kindly doctor. Nor do essentials alter when, aged five, Bella is transferred to Tulip House. Always, it is the same story: never unkindness, no out-and-out injustice, merely bulked impulse and cheated instinct.

Bella falls back on daydreams: a rude awakening causes her violently to react against a well-to-do family who have been kind to her. Theft (in her eyes, an act of revenge) lands her up for some time in a Remand Home, where she encounters that splendid character "Hooky." Plain speaking breaks down some of the childish complexes: in the end, it is Bella's inherent fineness, courage, strength and initiative which triumph. . . . In justice to those who are now handling the problems contained in *Bella North*, one should point out that the institutions described were those of a number of years ago, and that a fight is now waged by those in command against the psychological evils of "institutionalism." This does not, however, invalidate *Bella North* as a human document. One is drawn, from the start, to the child herself.

Other Book Suggestions

ITALIAN HOLIDAY, by S. P. B. and Gillian Mais (Alvin Redman, 15s.), is a happy account of Italian wanderings, summer and winter; the lucky ones being father, mother and daughter. Photographs illustrate.

★ ★ ★

SEA PEACE, by Lord Stanley of Alderley (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.), is a grand yachting book: many different craft, weathers and waters. Illustrations and charts.

★ ★ ★

HOW TO LIE WITH STATISTICS, by Darrell Huff, comically illustrated by Irving Geis (Gollancz 10s. 6d.), addresses itself to all types of reader. Sound information is submerged in many laughs.

★ ★ ★

PRINCE RUPERT'S DAUGHTER, by Elizabeth D'Oyley (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), is a lively historical novel—sequel to its author's *The English March*, which featured Prince Rupert of the Rhine. This time, we follow the fortunes of a young lady who, but for irregular parentage, might have been Queen of England!

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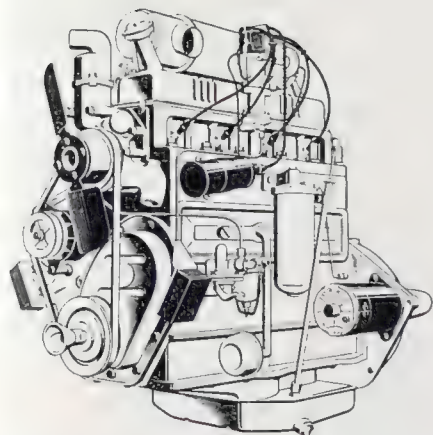
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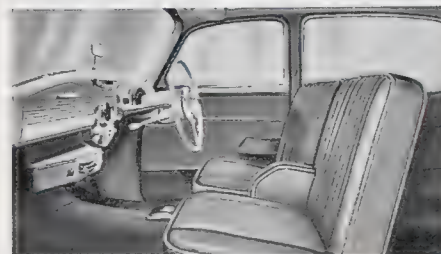
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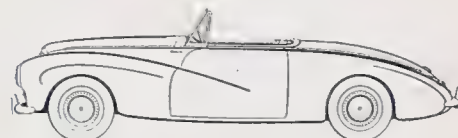
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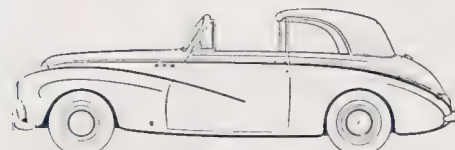


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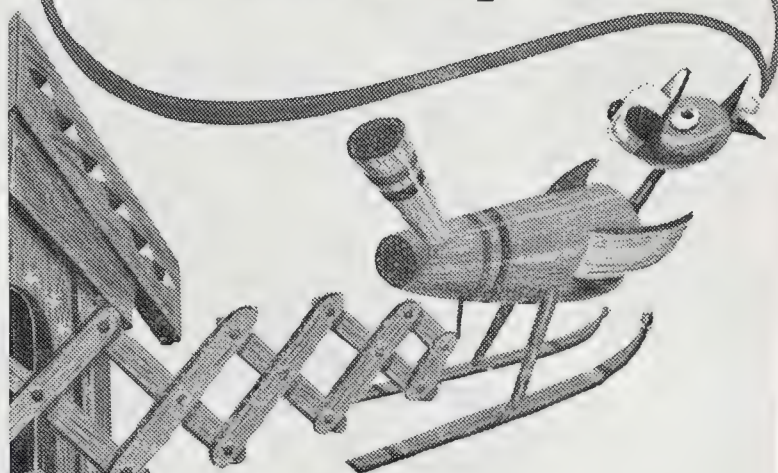
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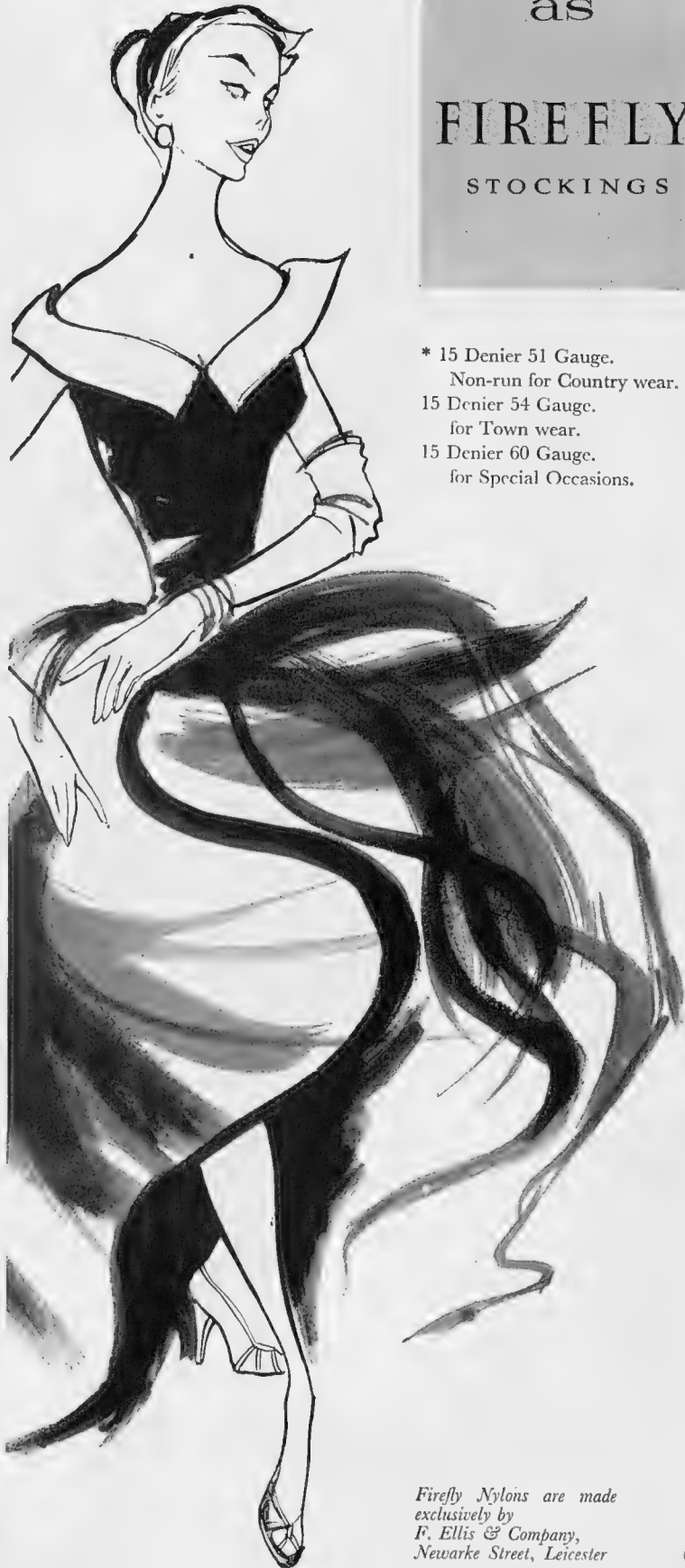


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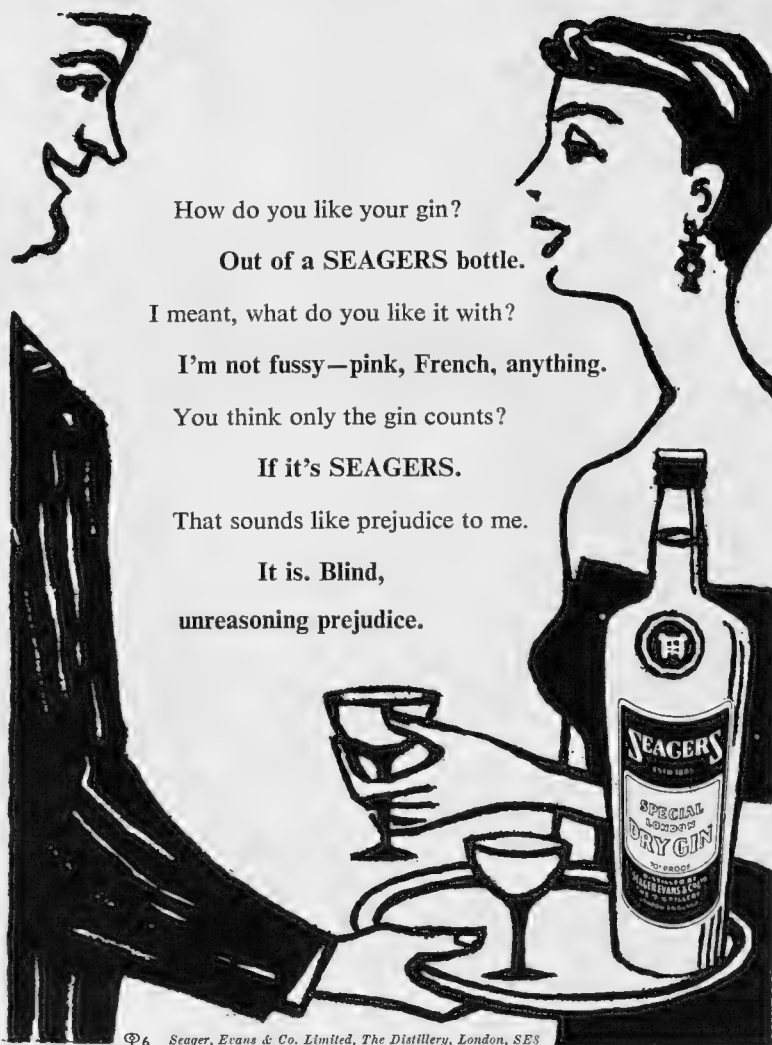
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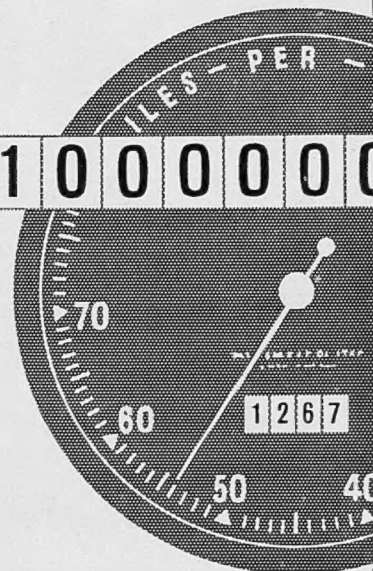


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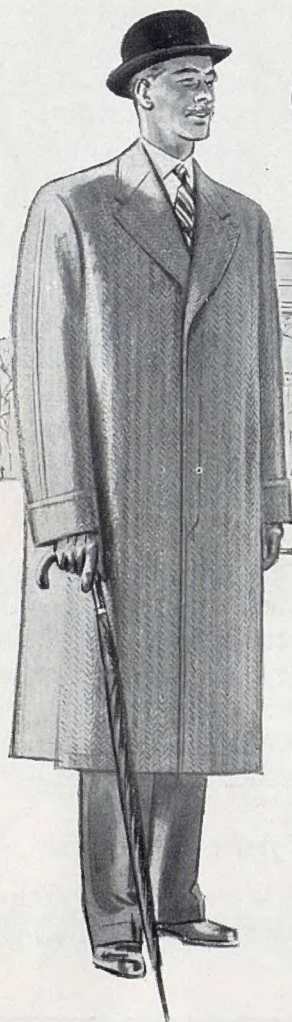
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